

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol. 3, No. 15

The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors.  
Office—9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, MARCH 8, 1890.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.  
For Annual (in advance), 50c. } Whole No. 119

## Around Town.

The sensation of the week has been the developments arising out of the Princeton murder. One would have imagined that a man so far away from home as the victim was would have escaped identification, after the great pains taken by the murderer to remove all marks from his clothing. The cigar case, of course, was the one thing that the murderer forgot to take away with him, but even after this, had Burchell refused to notice the paragraph in the papers and kept away from the scene of the murder, it is doubtful if he would have been suspected. To make assurance doubly sure he went forward as a witness to identify the body and out of his own mouth provided the clues which have since been worked up into such a strong case against him. I don't know whether the readers of such evidence as the newspapers have been giving us in this connection ever wonder what they would have done under similar circumstances. Yet it is interesting to put one's self in the murderer's place after the crime was committed and carefully arrange all details as he must have arranged them in order to escape detection. At first blush one thinks the alleged murderer a bungler and that with the opportunities at his disposal he ought to have escaped suspicion, but on looking into the matter and noticing the pains he took and how successful he was in all save one little particular, the cigar case, it must be acknowledged that if he is the murderer, he did his work very cleverly, without arousing suspicion even in the mind of his travelling companion whom he had defrauded. He apparently rested the whole strength of his plan on the supposed impossibility of any one identifying the remains. That having broken down, he is evidently unprepared to stand the investigation which follows. The hilarious enjoyment of life which seems to have been the chief characteristic of the alleged murderer and the diabolical deliberateness of the crime suggests the hardness of the professional assassin, and this thought is the one which makes the tragedy so interestingly horrible.

Talking about men with high animal spirits and that reckless abandon which makes them seem entirely indifferent as to the value of money or of proper objects upon which to expend it, adds to the strength of the belief which has been growing in me that these "jolly dogs,"—these "good fellows" who are always ready to go on a spree of almost any kind—are universally dangerous men. Our own city has provided us with plenty of instances of men who had a reputation of being exceedingly generous, fellows who would give up five or ten dollars for anything and everything, wine, women or charity, with a hearty grace that made those who had to be more careful in their financing absolutely envious. In few cases have these men arrived at honorable old age. Our social records, and I am sorry to say our criminal records, show the downfall of the majority. When young men get in the habit of "blowing themselves off," as it is called in High Jinkland, and where they are controlled by an itching to spend lots of money and be terrible fellows, unless they have a fortune at their command such as seldom fails to the lot of Canadian youth, they soon arrive at a period when they must abandon their luxurious and "princely" habits or else struggle to acquire money by improper means. The latter is generally the course chosen. They cannot endure to drop back among their frugal and common-place brethren, so they proceed to wreck the fortunes of others in an effort to maintain what was at best an unworthy notoriety. Embezzlement, forgery and theft have been the favorite means employed by these "high rollers" to provide themselves with funds enough to keep in sight. The result is imprisonment or flight, for discovery is much more certain to come to such criminals than it is to the murderer who after placing an ocean and half a continent between his victim's friends and the place chosen for his crime, trusts his life, as the others have trusted their honor, on a flimsy plan to escape detection. In order to give wine parties and drive four-in-hand drags and pose as a fool lordling it is supposed that Burchell alias Somerset became a murderer if not a professional murderer. In order to pose as a "devil of a fellow" hundreds of young men have gone to ruin and thence to the penitentiary or the United States. To be able to buy wine and lead a fast set for a few months they have broken the hearts of fathers and mothers, dishonored wives, sisters and brothers and all who wear their name or have the same blood in their veins, and it does not seem to me that Burchell was much more of a fool or a brute than they were and the punishment they receive is probably quite as bitter and more lasting than death on the gallows.

No better evidence of the "funk" into which the politicians have fallen since the debate over the Jesuits' Estates Bill can be found than the passage of the Orange Incorporation Act. The patient camel of Protestant opinion groaned under the weight of Mercier's astute scheme to benefit himself and embarrass Sir John at the same time, and then the partial defeat of the Dual Language Bill was piled on the groaning beast and even the dullest legislator in the House of Commons could plainly see that nothing more could be endured. Of course this was the Orangemen's opportunity; it was seized upon and their bill became law. Those

outside of the Order have not been lying awake nights hungering for the accomplishment of the thing but many who had previously opposed it became its friends because French Canadian aggression has been carried so far. It is delightful to see the trimmers and tricksters, with whom the House abounds, so at their wits' end for excuses and makeshifts and opportunities to square themselves with their constituents. It is pleasant, too, to feel assured that with Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Charlton and Col. O'Brien and their little band of followers, the camel will be offered still further burdens to bear if the majority is to continue to conduct things in its old style. That the camel can carry no more and is about to indulge in a grand kick makes it plain to those who are looking forward to other disagreeable proposals that they will have to lug some of the load themselves, or assist in the reforms which they despise. It certainly is an unpleasant prospect for the slaves of the government and the serfs of French-Canadian ecclesiasticism. Yet it is interesting to put one's self in the murderer's place after the crime was committed and carefully arrange all details as he must have arranged them in order to escape detection. At first

blush one thinks the alleged murderer a bungler and that with the opportunities at his disposal he ought to have escaped suspicion, but on looking into the matter and noticing the pains he took and how successful he was in all save one little particular, the cigar case, it must be acknowledged that if he is the murderer, he did his work very cleverly, without arousing suspicion even in the mind of his travelling companion whom he had defrauded. He apparently rested the whole strength of his plan on the supposed impossibility of any one identifying the remains. That having broken down, he is evidently unprepared to stand the investigation which follows. The hilarious enjoyment of life which seems to have been the chief characteristic of the alleged murderer and the diabolical deliberateness of the crime suggests the hardness of the professional assassin, and this thought is the one which makes the tragedy so interestingly horrible.

\*\*

The universal antagonism aroused by the

License Commissioners three temperance men who would enforce the law and award licenses according to the merits of the applicants and not the politics of the hotelkeepers, they could obtain them. Under the present system such a thing is impossible. In Toronto, where numerous and wealthy breweries, an immense distillery and a large number of liquor stores bring unusual pecuniary and numerical strength to the liquor party, it would be impossible to elect any but worthy men as License Commissioners. I have no doubt that if the temperance party nominated three first-class adherents of their cause that the general public would join in the movement and elect them by an overwhelming majority. If leaving the power in the hands of the people is a "pro-whisky move" then the people themselves must be a pro-whisky people, and if that be the case pro-whisky it must be, for in this, as in every other matter, the majority must continue to rule. That the people who are to be governed are anxious to be well-governed in this respect is but to admit that they know what is for their own good and have sense enough to be trusted with the management.

title, is willing to rest without having cleared his skirts of charges which mean nothing more honorable than pilfering, the country should make it a point to stir up his tardy dignity by some means which will compel a final settlement of the disgraceful rumors.

Nothing but a bold organ and a resolute leader seems wanting to give the vague tendency (annexation) the form of a pronounced movement and turn the whistled here into an avowed creed.—*By a reader for March*

This is a plain manifesto, now who will be the leader and what paper the organ! What is to prevent Mr. Goldwin Smith from being the man and the *Globe* or *Mail* the organ? None of them would really have to make any radical change and it would be much more decent for the whole outfit to drop "whispered heresies" and come boldly out from under the barn.

\*\*

"Please describe your ideal pleasant social evening, for the benefit of your readers," a correspondent asks. Now that's a poser, isn't it? I have a nebulous idea of what I would describe as a pleasant evening, but if I were to try and tell what I consider a delightful or "a really charming" two or three hours, I might make a bad mistake and betray my narrow view of life. For this reason, I am about to ask you a favor: Write to me and describe your ideal! I won't take you very long and I promise to give my views on every point you suggest, that is, if you do not try to make fun of the thing. I wish I could start a little correspondence club, so that every week I might send out some little thing for consideration, selecting the brightest answers, or sections of them, for a column which I would be glad to start if encouraged a little bit. It wouldn't hurt some of my younger readers, or older ones who are not very busy, to write a couple of pages of foolscap a week, and I might give them little hints as to where they needed editing, and I'll promise not to be "smart" at the expense of anybody who is not the aggressor. Since I came home from my involuntary holiday, I have had many pleasant letters from people whom I never saw, and some of the things did really make me choke up and feel that it was a mighty good thing for me that people were kind-hearted and had no chance to find out how little I deserved their pretty words. Now, there are so many thousands who buy SATURDAY NIGHT, and I suppose read it, though some may skip my page, that I am convinced a few of them wouldn't mind exchanging ideas with me and helping me make these columns what I have always tried to make them—a reflex of what the majority of us think. Do you know-speaking confidentially now—if I knew you personally and asked you to be as frank with me as I always have been with you, I would have been severely snubbed. I have never stated here an opinion which was not my very own inside belief, and I know it has often antagonized yours. That I have succeeded so far in getting along with everybody and in pleasing so very many—I would be a churl to refuse to acknowledge that I am aware of the kindly

would think after making a missie a person could with more confidence reform if it were unknown and practically obliterated. Of course, as with all rules, there are exceptions, such as murder or other grievous crimes, with an innocent person suffering or under suspicion this would naturally harass in their calm moments even the most hardened minds; but we do not find many cases on record of people making retribution and placing the guilt in the proper quarter, which is claimed to be indispensable in the confessional.

I have written more than I intended, and have not expressed myself quite as clearly as I would wish, but I think the advocacy of a confessional is a big step backward. Is the confidence of Our Father in Heaven all-satisfying, or merely mythical? Yours,

LIBERAL.

The above letter proves that I did not make myself plain when reviewing Mr. Gladstone's views regarding the confessional three weeks ago. I am glad of an opportunity to explain. I was writing mostly about "weaklings," and the world is full of them—people who must lean on somebody else. For these to walk alone spiritually or morally is impossible. They have no confidence in their own judgment; they suspect their own ideas of right and wrong; they are like children, and have been further weakened by the prevalent idea that they must be led by the hand towards Heaven or somebody will get hold of them and lead them in the opposite direction. I believe they should be taught to believe in themselves and the responsibility which rests upon society in general is not to hold their hand, but to equip their mind that their judgment may not be wrong or their impulses wicked. The discipline of the Church of Rome was undoubtedly prepared for the weakling. When it was prepared the world was full of ignorance and nineteenth-century opportunities did not exist for educating and enlightening the people. The day has only dawned when in the great centers of population such complete opportunities have been offered and therefore the confessional and leading hand are not needed as they once were. The day is coming and is nigh when they will not be needed at all. But there should still exist, as I said in the previous article, opportunities to make confidences under proper religious auspices, for the world will never develop an unmixed race of giants who can feel content without asking advice on spiritual matters. When the confessional was a place where the penitent could confess to God in the hearing of a priest, whose office it was to suggest penance, reparation and reformation, no harm, but much good was done to the ignorant who often sinned blindly, but when the sinner failed to see further than the priest and confessed to him and not to God, the confessional became a hindrance, a barrier erected between man and his God. As such I have no use for the confessional in any system of religion, Anglican or Roman.

I have only a little space, so for this week I must content myself with a definition of the province of confession. Confession to God is subjective not objective—that is, it does good to the one who confesses not to the one confessed to. God knows, before we begin to relate it, what we have done, it does Him no good to hear it, it is no sacrifice for us to tell it to Him for that involves no publicity. The benefit is derived by us from telling it because we must tell somebody. We know that He feels sorry for us but that will not benefit us unless we feel truly sorry for what we have done, and that involves reparation if it be possible to repair the wrong done. That publicity must be invited when we repair that wrong is absurd, it is of no benefit unless we believe in salvation by works and invite exposure as a penance. This I hold to be ostentatious and degrading when unnecessary and as having no part in procuring God's pardon. Many people hold—and the weaker they are the more strongly they adhere to it—that to die with a sin not publicly confessed is to elect to endure to the full extent future punishment for that sin. I do not believe there will be a fire and brimstone punishment for anybody, and, moreover, that humanly speaking confession unless to a worthy person for the purpose of asking advice is worthless if it be not to make reparation. If no reparation is possible, if the confession to a fellow-creature will right no wrong, it is useless to make it, indeed it may be a sin against others to do so. For instance, a man may be dying and being anxious about his soul, tells his wife and spiritual adviser and the newspapers about some crime he committed years ago. If his confession involves no one but himself and his family has no reputation to lose, it is his own business. But if he has a decent family it is a shame to disgrace them trying to propitiate God by acting like a coward. If it involves others who have perhaps repented in sackcloth and ashes and lived in the borderland of terror and shame for years, he sins against them and doubly acts the part of the cowardly fool. Of course if there is restitution to make he must make it or elect to appear in judgment burdened by his guilt, but unnecessarily exposing and disgracing others on a deathbed is one of the most contemptible attempts to win the favor of God by doing what even a loyal devil would refuse to do. Then briefly let me say that confession to a worthy fellow-creature, no matter who it may be—if under religious auspices so much the better—is valuable as a means of obtaining advice by which we may find proper means of escaping the present punishment of a sin, that punishment which within us and so surely follows wrong doing secondly, it is necessary to make confession when reparation or restitution cannot be effected without it. It is one's duty on a deathbed, as well as in life's work, to always do that thing which will cause the most happiness and the least misery.

According to the public accounts, since 1872

The Eastern Parade and Sea Wall, Bay Street, Nassau

From Photo by Mr. Ernest Warrin.

See page 7.

mistake made by the chairman of the viaduct conference shows that the city is interested and is determined to have publicity if nothing else. There was no good reason why the people's business should not be discussed in the presence of those who would report the proceedings, nor was there any good reason why the gentlemen belonging to the various committees which had been considering the matter should have been excluded. Worse than all, however, was the loss of the tactical advantage which would have been gained had the railroad magnates been forced to say directly to the people what they so coolly and contemptuously stated to the committee. A report of the lofty and supercilious posture of the railway managers would have done much to arouse that portion of our people who have not yet been awakened to the necessity of rearranging for all time to come our mutilated waterfront. But it is as unnecessary, as it is unkind, to heap abuse on the man who made the mistake. No one doubts the honesty of his motives and I for one know that he has taken much more time and pains to rectify the Esplanade wrongs than many of those who are jeering at his error. Of course, every time mistake is made by those having the matter in charge for the people, it makes it more difficult to obtain volunteers to keep up the fight. It seems that Mr. Gurney's critics are much more willing to forgive the men who have neglected their duty for these many years than pardon a man who, by an error in judgment, made a committee seem absurd. The railway companies, however, need not hug to their heart any delusion that their tactical skill and clever bluff have won them the battle. It was only the first skirmish. The railroad managers are skilful campaigners, but it won't be long before our undisciplined forces will have acquired enough experience to successfully meet them. For decades the city has been bound with chains. We may not be able to throw them off without a bitter struggle, but I have every confidence that the people are prepared for the fight.

\*\*

*Grip* is out with a handsome spring number and its regular issue is embellished by a new colored cover and many internal improvements. There is no paper in the country truer to its ideal or more willing to make a sacrifice for principle than this same clever little *Grip*. We may not always agree with it but I for one admire the pluck, sturdy principles and conspicuous



A Typical Little Home in Nassau.

From Photo by Mr. Ernest Warrin.

See page 7.

ability of that pleasant gentleman and talented artist, John W. Bengough.

General Middleton seems to rest quite comfortably under the charge of looting furs in the North-West. The General has been honored by the home government and bonused by our own because of his management, bravery or whatever you have a mind to call it, in the face of the enemy in the North-West. The poor soldiers who could not get their kit allowance and those who have been unable to get pensions rightfully theirs, feel that the money voted to him might have been more justly given to them, while many of the officers are not yet convinced that the honors heaped upon him might not have been divided up amongst men who have done more to win them. And now Mr. Bremner comes forward and states that he was an involuntary subscriber of about \$6,000 worth of furs to General Middleton and a couple of his friends, and the "hero" of the campaign seems to feel no stigma cast upon him by the assertion. Those who are clamoring for the investigation, which Sir Frederick's self-respect should have demanded before these charges were an hour old, are certainly doing right and acting within their duty. If the so-called hero of the war, the recipient of a subsidy and a

opinion of many—has been in the fact that people do not expect a writer to be always pleasing or always right for that matter. If I could be always right and still be readable, I would not be working on a newspaper; I would be writing books and hymns for the angels. That I am so often forgiven when I am wrong I ascribe to two reasons. That it is not all important whether I am quite right or absolutely wrong so long as my opinion is honest, for any sort of an honest, intelligent opinion, right or wrong, helps towards a proper judgment and, secondly, because it is only once in a while a writer dares give an opinion on everything and it becomes of some interest to know what such a self-important person has to say. I think this sort of thing is one-sided and that some of you might write to me every week criticizing, suggesting and giving me an opportunity of getting hold of the phase of opinion which you may chance to express. Write to me a time or two anyway.

\*\*

DEAR DOR.—A friend of mine informed me lately that you mentioned the "Confessional." This, knowing your liberal views, I scarcely believed; but reading some of your late writings has left me rather in doubt. Surely you do not support the doctrine that, to escape future punishment, we must, where possible, confess and be absolved by a clergyman? Then as in people being relieved by telling their misdeeds to someone. Isn't it rather doubtful? One

we have been buying furniture and Jim-cracks and things for Rideau Hall at the rate of some \$35,000 per year. Think of it, dear sirs and fair mesdames! Ruminante for ten minutes by the clock on what \$35,000 will buy for your house in the way of new taps for the wash basin and new carpets for the parlor! Go and ask Rogers & Son or the Allen Furniture Co. what their stock is worth and then figure how you could get it, or a reasonable section of it, into the largest house in Toronto and leave room for inhabitants. Figure up the value of your linen, and put on a new roof every year and paper the walls spring and fall and you will still wonder where \$35,000 per annum can be wasted on Rideau Hall or any other hall. The inhabitants must get the place every year or else the wine, beer and spirituous liquors, the grocery score and the milliner's bill are included. At the rate charged, in three years they could build as good a house as Mrs. Cawthra's—the most expensive in Toronto—and in another twelvemonth furnish it! Then remember when the next Governor comes this will have to be done all over again. The country pays in addition to this forty-eight odd thousand per year to the Governor to keep him and his board and clothes! No Canadian taxpayer can afford to live at this rate, and it is not indecent for us to pull the string when a gentleman who never did anything for Canada either before or after he came, incurs bills which would knock our wealthiest and most valuable citizens cold and silly. Do the dear Stanley's, etc., eat furniture! Surely they must for they couldn't store the stuff in Rideau Hall which the country buys. Do we get any good out of the expenditure? Does it save our hall carpet or keep our dishes from breaking or the coal from running low? Patient masters, it is a shame to kick on vice-regal expenditure, but we are not backward in criticizing our own domestic bills and therefore I feel privileged to squeal when I have to help pay such sums for carpets upon which I never walk and coals which never melt the snow off my overshoes. The public will therefore take notice that I will no longer be responsible for debts incurred by the Vice-Regals without my written order.



### Her Lorgnette.

A year or two ago it was  
A cut-glass vinaigrette  
That did great execution for  
This thorough-paced coquette.  
Her dainty sniffs, her languid air,  
Were fetching—q'ite—and yet,  
Effective as they proved, were naught  
To this sort of lorgnette!

There's none that understands as well  
The flirt's whole alphabet  
As she; and an attention calls  
To her soft violet  
And with amazement proclaims she makes  
A man's poor heart upset  
By defty twirrings—glaucous through  
That swagger shell lorgnette.

And so when on me turns that toy  
She keeps in her net,  
And when I meet those lovely eyes  
I my own name forget.  
I love her—from her silken head  
To her lorgnette;  
I love her "nearightedness"  
And wicked shell lorgnette.  
EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER in *Judge*.

visiting Miss Campbell for some time past, is to be a permanent guest at Government House.

Miss Michie gave afternoon tea to a number of friends on Friday, February 28.

Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie of Walmer road welcomed a party of friends to dinner on Thursday, February 27.

Mrs. Walter Cassels gave a dinner party on Thursday, February 27.

Mrs. Galbraith of Huron street welcomed a number of friends to an At Home on Wednesday last.

The Women's Enfranchisement League are working well just now. The proprietor of the Arlington has placed the parlors at their disposal, and an earnest, enthusiastic and determined company of women gather there and lay plans for the bettering of womankind. I can fancy consternation and a clamoring for political "pointers" on the part of some women should a law suddenly be enacted by which they were entitled to vote for one of two men, who are probably in the "six" and "half-dozen" list with regard to real goodness.

Miss Connie Jarvis of Charles street is visiting in Hamilton, where she is the guest of Mrs. Pringle.

Mrs. Nottingham of St. George street gave a luncheon on Thursday.

Mrs. Jennings of St. Vincent street entertained a number of friends on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty of Queen's Park gave a dinner party on Thursday evening.

A very delightful parlor concert took place on Wednesday evening at the Arlington Hotel. The selections were well chosen and mostly from favorite operas. This is the first of a series of weekly concerts.

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer gave a dinner party on Wednesday evening for Mr. David Macpherson, and also welcomed a number of friends to dinner on Thursday evening.

The average girl goes to church more regularly now, and, too, more thoughtfully. Some one suggested that now when minds were unusually quiet and restful, it would be well to remember that the eye of the Omnipotent could cast up the numbers of slaughtered birds on hats, even while the prayers came up from the weavers' lips.

Society people and many of the wealthier New Yorkers, now make it a point to ride at four o'clock in the afternoon instead of the early morning, which was the time set formerly for horseback exercise. Whether this is in imitation of London or Paris or not, is not plain, but it is certainly a fact that there is an imposing parade of horsemen and equestrians every day in Central Park between four o'clock and six. There is no "mile" where the horsemen can congregate and look at the carriages as they pass, and the bridle roads in the Park are so serpentine and elusive that it is impossible to select any particular stretch for a meeting place of all the horses. Otherwise there would be a very fine showing of hunters and park hacks. A great number of society women are now followed at a discreet distance by grooms, and there is usually a number of stout old gentlemen mounted on heavy-legged nags pounding industriously around the Park in pursuit of an appetite.

Among the recent additions to those making their homes at the Arlington Hotel are: Surgeon Major Keefer, late of the Bengal Army, and Mrs. Keefer, Mrs. and Miss Ferguson of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Parlane of Collingwood, Mr. Andrew B. Ingram, Mr. George Hess, Mr. Falkner C. Stewart, Mr. A. F. Wood, Mr. William Garrison, Mr. William Morgan, Dr. W. A. Willoughby, Mr. William C. Caldwell, Mr. J. I. Cruess, Mr. G. W. B. Snider, Mr. Alexander Robillard, Mr. William Kearns, Mr. Robert Ferguson, Mr. James S. Morin, Mr. John Blyth, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Archibald Bishop, Mr. William Mack, Mr. John Waters, Mr. George B. Smith, Mr. Hugh Smith, Mr. George F. Martel, Mr. James P. Whitney, Mr. Thomas Wylie, Mr. William Lees, Mr. James Clancy, Mr. James H. Metcalfe, Mr. Richard Tooley, Mr. Joseph Rorke, Mr. John Dryden, Mr. James W. McLaughlin, Mr. Isaac Gould, Mr. Charles Clarke.

Two bright-faced society girls were having luncheon down town one day this week, and a tangled flight of merry conversation fluttered across two tables to my ears. They had been shopping. They expected their brothers. They were hungry, and they were going to wait only five minutes longer. It grew close upon matinee time, and the energetic shoppers finally decided to have luncheon without "the boys." There was a gleam of silver bangles, and two brown heads bent over a bill of fare. They decided, wavered and finally gave the order. Then both leaned back and for a moment were still. Now a pair of brown eyes danced merrily and a gleeful voice says, "Here they are, Maud!" A little flutter, a warm welcome, two full-grown apologies and the brothers seat themselves. I saw them after at the matinee, and I thought of the convenience this system was—the inverse appropriation of brothers.

Mr. Arthur Grasett and Mr. W. B. Bridge-man-Simpson sail to-day from New York on the Cunard ss. *Aurania*.

Mr. William Ramsay returns to Scotland, sailing to-day from New York by the Cunard ss. *Aurania*.

Misses Mowat, Burton and Greig of Queen's Park have been visiting in Hamilton, where they were the guests of Mrs. F. W. Burton.

The Boston *Beacon* says: "According to Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, 'The absence of an hereditary aristocracy, the absence of a court, the absence of tradition—the tradition of good-breeding—exposes our new society, in America,

could not afford to send it by express. The picture was sold for \$75, and if I remember correctly, it was this sale that decided young Abbey to take a studio, and on this sum he depended for the rental of the room. He has a great name now and a handsome income for a young man not long past thirty. But I doubt if E. A. Abbey is any lighter hearted in his prosperity than he was twelve years ago when he religiously reserved a certain amount out of his earnings every week to make the rent sure, and after that was reserved safely, made merry with his chums over crackers, cheese and beer."

Mr. J. A. Radford, O.S.A., is to give a lecture at the rooms of the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club, corner Queen and Victoria streets, next Tuesday evening. The subject is An Architect's Trip Through France and Italy, and will be illustrated by some sixty stereopticons views, which have been prepared especially for the occasion. It is hoped that many architecturally and artistically inclined persons, other than members, will take this opportunity of visiting the rooms and becoming acquainted with the scope and objects of the club.

The Toronto Art Students' League held its annual meeting on Tuesday evening. A full attendance of the active members of the League, numbering about forty, was present. The retiring president Mr. W. D. Bleathley said a few words after which the reports of the secretaries and treasurer were read. These showed that during the past year the League has taken a wonderful stride in advance, a state of affairs for which credit must largely be given to the efforts of those gentlemen themselves. These were Messrs. S. M. Jones, R. Holmes and Wm. Bengough. The election of officers was the main business of the evening, and resulted as follows: Mr. Wm. Thomson, president; W. D. Bleathley vice-president; W. Bengough, treasurer; and Messrs. C. M. Manley and C. W. Jeffreys, secretaries. With such an efficient staff of officers, the league cannot but feel that its interests are in good hands, and that during the coming year it will not retrograde.

On Tuesday Mrs. Alfred Mason of 441 Jarvis street gave a delightful afternoon At Home to a large circle of friends. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Sweetman, the Misses Sweetman, Mrs. Roaf, Mrs. Torrington, the Misses Burns, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Percy Mason, Miss Amy Mason, Mrs. Vander Smissen, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Maclean, Miss Dixon, Mrs. H. E. Clarke, the Misses Clarke, Miss Stafford, Miss Mitchell, Miss Allie Mason, Mrs. Aikens and the Misses Aikens.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Taylor of Lansdowne avenue gave a very pleasant little party Tuesday evening. Among those who were present were: Miss M. Brown, Miss Rose, Miss Sharpe, the Misses Shaw of Brussels, Miss Natteworth, Miss Wilson, Miss J. Rose, the Misses Priestman, Miss Haney, the Misses Rogers, the Misses Harper, McCrae, Little, McKnight, McKay, Woodruffe, Shaw, Sanger, King, Pearce, Begg, Ferguson, Harverages and others. Progressive euchre and dancing were heartily participated in.

Miss Louise Sanders of Port Hope, who has been visiting friends in the city for the past three weeks, returned home Saturday.

Miss Sanderson sails to-day by the ss. *Aurania* for Europe.

Mrs. Herbert L. Clarke entertained a number of friends on Friday, February 28. Among the invited guests were Miss Annie Holmes, Miss B. Hatch of Whitby, Miss Ada Lowndes, Miss Helen Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Loudon, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Henderson, Miss Lillie Williams, Miss Kate Ryan, Miss Carrie Williams, Mr. Fred Dixon, Mr. Percy Bailey, Mr. Jack Chittenden, Mr. Jim Nicholson, Mr. Arthur Depew, Mr. Bernard Ryan, Mr. Fred Grey, Mr. Mont. Lowndes, Mr. Marshall Wells and others. Dancing was kept up until a late hour.

Miss Park of Amherstburg is the guest of Mrs. McGee, Oakham House, Church street.

Mr. F. Teviotdale has returned to the city after a long visit in Bracebridge.

A surprise smoking party of fifty gentlemen found their way to the residence of Mr. J. E. Hazleton of Bathurst street on Friday of last week. A surprise for the surprises had been prepared by a few of the gentlemen, in the shape of a minstrel organization. All joined heartily in the merriment which the burnt-cork artists, Messrs. Jones, Miller and Thompson, produced, as well as the clever representations of Messrs. Cowley and Ross, who were, respectively, for the time being a German and an Irishman.

The Toronto Druggists held an At Home at the Ontario College of Pharmacy last evening. I may have more to say about the festivities of the knights of the mortar and pestle next week.

A quiet wedding took place on Monday evening, February 17, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, when Mr. C. Foxton Storey and Miss Josie Hopkins were married by Rev. John Pearson. The bride was attired in a traveling costume of terra cotta cashmere with trimmings of moire silk and velvet, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Emma Nolan and Miss Maude Jardine of Collingwood, niece of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Storey left on the 12:20 train for the west.

Art and Artists.

A writer in New York *Truth* has the following to say of Abbey: "When E. A. Abbey marries Miss Mead there will be no immediate danger of financial embarrassment for the young couple. The bride is lavishly dowered, besides which Abbey is in receipt of a steady salary of \$6,000 a year from the Harpers. In addition to this the young artist sells from six to ten thousand dollars worth of water colors every year, and has just received a \$40,000 commission to illustrate Shakespeare. Taking his average income at fifteen thousand a year, E. A. Abbey will be able to live comfortably enough in London, where he intends to make his permanent residence as a housekeeper and a married man. Like our neglected Frank Miller, young Abbey is a lion in English society. In this city we recognize no geniuses save the eating and dancing ones of McAllister's Four Hundred, and after earning fame and social honors abroad, Mr. Abbey is naturally disconcerted to find himself a complete nonentity in his native city. E. A. Abbey is the most distinguished example in our Bohemia of a sudden rise into financial and artistic prosperity. It is not many years since he was employed at a meagre salary by the American Bank Note Co. He carried his first picture under his arm to the National Academy of Design because he

## NEW MUSIC THE GONDOLIERS

By Gilbert & Sullivan

VOCAL SCORE ..... \$1.25  
LIBRETTO ..... 25  
WHEN A MERRY MIDSUMMER ..... 25  
KIND SIR, YOU CANNOT HAVE THE HEART ..... 25  
TAKE A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES ..... 25  
NO POSSIBLE DOUBT WHATEVER ..... 25  
Any of the above can be obtained of all music dealers. Dance Music and Piano Score will be published shortly. Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association, LIMITED

13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

E. BEETON

HIGH GRADE WATCH SPECIALIST  
Opposite Post Office, Toronto

Fine and Complicated Watch Adjusting My Forte



FULL DRESS SHIRTS  
Gentlemen requiring a full dress shirt and not having time to order, can always find a full assortment of sizes with us. We carry in stock at \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.25 each, and can recommend the fit and excellent laundry work, the latter we pay special attention to.

Fawke's White and Lavender Kid Gloves

In various styles. Also

White and Colored Evening Bows, Ties, Etc.  
All the very latest novelties in English and American Collars and Cuffs

In stock.

WHEATON & CO.  
17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

THE

RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS  
OF  
CIGARS

MUNGO - - - 5c.  
CABLE - - - 5c.  
EL PADRE - - - 10c.

AND

MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.

THE BEST VALUE.  
THE SAFEST SMOKE.  
THE MOST RELIABLE.

The Purest of the Pure.

NO CHEMICALS.

NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.

THE BEST VALUE.

MISS MORRISON

41 KING STREET WEST

is now showing a choice assortment of

American Veilings

Special prices in Dress Goods during stock taking. Also attention is called to

EMBROIDERED DRESSES

In all the Newest Shades, new Russian Nets, etc.

MISSES E. & H. JOHNSTON

122 King Street West,

OPPOSITE THE ROSSIN HOUSE,

Mrs. Johnston has returned from Paris, London and New York with a full line of

Novelty Dress Goods and Trimmings

DISPLAY OF

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS

These goods are now being opened.

THE FINEST DIAMOND RING

Ever offered in the Dominion for \$25.00. Registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size; which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLZ, Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne Street, Toronto, Canada.

HAREM

(Not the Sultan's)

CIGARETTES

YILDIZ

CIGARETTES

The Finest Turkish Cigarettes

IN THE MARKET.

TRY THEM



## AMEN!

A Boarding House Chronicle.

"It is a strange thing. Sometimes when I'm quite alone, sitting in my room with my eyes closed, or walking over the hills, people I've seen and known, it's only been for a few days, are brought before me and I hear their voices and see them look and move almost plainer than I ever did when they were really with me so as to make touch them."

It wasn't her real name, of course—that was Smith. But Soubrette had one day laughingly called her Miss Pernickity, and so admirably did the nickname suit her prim little person that we—the artist, the author and the auctioneer, her fellow boarders—adopted it then and there: and Miss Pernickity she remained to the end of the chapter.

She was a wee little body, scarcely coming up to Soubrette's shoulder, and she was by no means tall; but upon those rare occasions when she saw fit to assert herself, Miss Pernickity had a manner of drawing herself up and gazing disdainfully down upon the world in general that a duchess could not have rivaled. What her age was none of us could guess, past forty, probably, for although there was still a fair bloom on her cheeks, crow's feet were evident, and her once brown hair was heavily streaked with gray.

There were lots of other boarders at Number Fifteen, for the fame of our landlady's table had extended to all sides of the square; but we four and Miss Pernickity formed a little coterie of our own, and while always maintaining a certain acquaintance with the balance of the household, kept ourselves to ourselves in a great measure. She had been in possession of the second floor front for some time before the rest of us put in an appearance, and, apart from her thoroughbred bearing and prim, old-fashioned manners, it was the air of mystery surrounding her like a halo, that first attracted our attention.

No sooner had our trunks been moved in than Soubrette laid the landlady, and by a means peculiarly her own elicited information with regard to the boarders in general and our end of the table in particular. Presently she burst into the room which was to be the common property of myself and her brother, the auctioneer, fairly bristling with gossiping tidings.

"Boys," she cried, throwing herself into our solitary arm-chair, "what do you think? Where's Dick?" Dick was the author, whom we had just despatched to purchase a package of tacks. "He needn't search any longer for an idea. Here's one he can study as he sips his coffee at breakfast, and enlarge upon while he's waiting for his soup to cool at dinner. That sweet little lady who sits opposite me—you noticed her? Well, she's the mystery, and an impenetrable one at that. Her name is Smith; that's prosaic enough, I'm sure, and probably won't take Dick's fancy. But there's nothing prosaic about her. She's an awfully odd little creature—screw loose somewhere; very ticklish; knows no one but that old Spanish lady with the eyeglass; never goes out with a dog and a parrot—its name is Perkin Warbeck—never receives any visitors, and she always pays her board bill in big silver dollars, and where they come from goodness only knows, for she never draws a cheque and hasn't received a letter since she's been here. She doesn't believe in greenbacks, won't have anything to do with them, in fact; and when the servants do errands for her and there happens to be any change—no matter whether it's cents, dimes or half dollar pieces—she either makes them keep it or else throw it into the waste basket. Did you ever hear of such a thing? I must get acquainted with her! I shall lay siege to her heart this very night and bring all my wiles to bear—just see if I don't!"

And the little witch proved true to her word; what is more, so successfully did she storm the citadel that within three days' time not only was she fully installed in the quaint little woman's affections, but she had even gained marked favor in the eyes of Perkin Warbeck and the poodle. And just a week later she burst into our room holding aloft in triumph a willow basket decorated with many colored ribbons, which she hastened to inform her sitting thus, I remarked that the faces of those great dials must seem to her quite like old friends.

"Friends!" she exclaimed. "Oh, dear me, no! Acquaintances, if you like, for I must confess that they afford us a great deal of amusement. Skit-a-wah-boo and I quite frequently take bets as to which of them will make the hour first. Sometimes it's really very exciting; but do you know, it's a most singular thing, no matter how far ahead the one may seem to be of the other at the half hour, they invariably come in a tie. Oh, yes, they certainly do help us to pass the time, but I should never dream of calling them friends for all that. With me, you know, not only is cleanliness next to godliness, but it is the first rudiment of friendship. Upon closer inspection I am sure that I should find them cotewebby; for just think, my dear sir, what an age it must be since either of them has had its face washed."

She was a most immaculate little body, dust being her particular aversion, and the early hours of each morning she devoted to a most thorough cleaning up of her apartment, which under no circumstance whatever would she allow the housemaids to touch; and such a funny little figure as she cut when armed with her mammoth duster, her head enveloped in a spotless white towel and her skirts just sufficiently tucked in to exhibit the least suspicion of red flannel petticoat.

"Pardon me, sir," she said with a gracious little bow, "but have either you or your friend such a thing as a piece of plain brown Windsor? I have other soap, but for my purpose brown Windsor is imperatively necessary, and my cake has been mislaid. It's for Perkin Warbeck, you know."

Much amused and not a little mystified, I hurried in search of the desired brand of soap. Luckily I found a cake. She thanked me not to my most profusely, and then asked if I would mind coming in and lending her a little assistance, as Perkin Warbeck was sometimes inclined to be obstreperous while undergoing this course of chastisement.

She led the way into her apartment, the windows of which were wide open, and the jingle of the street cars scurrying along the avenue, and the twitter of the birds in the park trees, was borne in upon us. It was the oddest room for a boarding-house that ever I saw. On the mantelpiece stood two bouquets of waxen flowers under a glass case, and above them an execrable chromo, and unmistakably of the boarding house, boarding-house. But in one corner a great old "grandfather clock" was tickling away as solemnly as with a great air of importance as if it had been ticked by the fine old hall from whence it came originally; and there were brackets with cups and saucers and china of all sorts upon them which, one could see at a glance, were really valuable. These, and the little bookcase with its rows of well-thumbed volumes, were Miss Pernickity's private property.

"I cannot understand Perkin Warbeck at all lately," she began, advancing to the table upon which, in his gilded cage, the delinquent was confined. "As a rule he is exceedingly gentle, far above the ordinary run of parrots. But during his last few days really his vocabulary has been increasing at a most alarming rate. And such expressions! Where, now, I ask you, sir, in confidence, could he have picked them up?"

Our bedroom and Miss Pernickity's adjoining, and suddenly it flashed upon me that certain high words and rather boisterous songs which, in the privacy of our sanctum, we and a few kindred spirits had indulged in a night or two previous, might in some measure be responsible for Warbeck's sudden fluency. But I kept my own counsel upon this score, merely remarking that parrots in their youth were not unfrequently thrown into rather mixed company, and were then quite often known to absorb phrases which they might not see fit to utilize verbally for a long time—ever years afterward.

"Ah, yes, true enough, she replied. "But that is not the case with Perkin Warbeck. To be sure I did buy him from a sailor; but before doing so I was most particular to inquire about

his antecedents, and the sailor assured me that his mother, apart from being the most exemplary of birds, had been reared in the royal aviary at Brazil. So you see that his pedigree is quite above reproach; besides," she added, "if in those days he had picked up such expressions he would naturally have given them to us in his mother tongue. But the words he made use of were unmistakably English—Billingsgate, in fact."

"But," suggested I, "might he not have picked them up aboard ship? A sailor's vernacular is not over choice, you know."

"So I have been told," she answered, "and I made that very remark to the man from whom I bought him. He was quite honest about it, and admitted that it was perfectly true. But he assured me that I need have no fear on that score, as far as Perkin Warbeck was concerned, for from the day they set sail from Rio Janeiro the bird had been under his personal supervision, and fearing that it might possibly pick up low expressions, throughout the entire voyage he had kept its ears stuffed with cotton wool. No," she sighed, gazing mournfully at the subject of her discourse, who seemed to me no measure cast down by his transgressions. "I'm afraid it's a case of heredity from his father's side of the family. I dare say it runs in the blood. But he must be punished, nevertheless."

Thereupon, without further parley, the tooth brush having been liberally coated with brown Windsor, Warbeck's beak underwent a thorough cleansing—not, however, without sundry splutterings, splutterings and wing-flaps upon his part.

"Yes," she exclaimed, sinking into a low rocking-chair, "I must confess that Perkin Warbeck is the one thorn in my flesh—the one active thorn, you know. Of course we all have our passive thorns—old wounds which come apace now and then. But Warbeck is always doing something so exasperating. And then as for stubbornness—oh, my dear sir, you have no idea what a stubborn disposition his is. Do you know that for the last two years I have been trying to teach him to say 'amen' at our family prayers, and he positively refuses to do it! One night he even got as near to it as 'ah there!' but not a syllable nearer will he go. Anything but that I can teach him in a day or two. Now Skit-a-wah-boo—pointing to the little poodle that was sunning himself by the window—"is as different. He is such a reverential little creature, always puts his head down and behaves like a parish beadle."

"Skit-a-wah-boo!" I exclaimed, only too delighted to grasp this opportunity of exhibiting my knowledge of the Indian tongue. "Why, that's the Indian word for whisky, is it not?"

"Yes; it was the mayor called him that," she answered; and her eyes strayed to a little portrait which stood upon the mantelpiece—the portrait of a gentleman in English regiments. "I thought it scarcely a nice name myself; I feared it might prove demoralizing, you know. But," she added quite seriously, "he always wears a blue ribbon as an antidote."

When I gave the other fellow an account of my interview they lost no time in making the acquaintance of my eccentric little friend. Be fore long her room became a general rendezvous for us all in the afternoon. First one of us would drop in, and then another, until all our little circle had gathered there, when she would make tea for us in the quaint old tea-cups, and we on our part would recount her the day's doings.

But as a rule she took very little interest in what was going on outside. The Park represented her little world, and she never tired of sitting by the window with Skit-a-wah-boo in her lap, watching the children at play there, and the great clocks of St. George's on the far side of the square.

Coming in one rainy afternoon and finding her sitting thus, I remarked that the faces of those great dials must seem to her quite like old friends.

"Friends!" she exclaimed. "Oh, dear me, no! Acquaintances, if you like, for I must confess that they afford us a great deal of amusement. Skit-a-wah-boo and I quite frequently take bets as to which of them will make the hour first. Sometimes it's really very exciting; but do you know, it's a most singular thing, no matter how far ahead the one may seem to be of the other at the half hour, they invariably come in a tie. Oh, yes, they certainly do help us to pass the time, but I should never dream of calling them friends for all that. With me, you know, not only is cleanliness next to godliness, but it is the first rudiment of friendship. Upon closer inspection I am sure that I should find them cotewebby; for just think, my dear sir, what an age it must be since either of them has had its face washed."

She was a most immaculate little body, dust being her particular aversion, and the early hours of each morning she devoted to a most thorough cleaning up of her apartment, which under no circumstance whatever would she allow the housemaids to touch; and such a funny little figure as she cut when armed with her mammoth duster, her head enveloped in a spotless white towel and her skirts just sufficiently tucked in to exhibit the least suspicion of red flannel petticoat.

"Pardon me, sir," she said with a gracious little bow, "but have either you or your friend such a thing as a piece of plain brown Windsor? I have other soap, but for my purpose brown Windsor is imperatively necessary, and my cake has been mislaid. It's for Perkin Warbeck, you know."

Much amused and not a little mystified, I hurried in search of the desired brand of soap. Luckily I found a cake. She thanked me not to my most profusely, and then asked if I would mind coming in and lending her a little assistance, as Perkin Warbeck was sometimes inclined to be obstreperous while undergoing this course of chastisement.

She led the way into her apartment, the windows of which were wide open, and the jingle of the street cars scurrying along the avenue, and the twitter of the birds in the park trees, was borne in upon us. It was the oddest room for a boarding-house that ever I saw. On the mantelpiece stood two bouquets of waxen flowers under a glass case, and above them an execrable chromo, and unmistakably of the boarding house, boarding-house. But in one corner a great old "grandfather clock" was tickling away as solemnly as if it had been ticked by the fine old hall from whence it came originally; and there were brackets with cups and saucers and china of all sorts upon them which, one could see at a glance, were really valuable. These, and the little bookcase with its rows of well-thumbed volumes, were Miss Pernickity's private property.

"I cannot understand Perkin Warbeck at all lately," she began, advancing to the table upon which, in his gilded cage, the delinquent was confined. "As a rule he is exceedingly gentle, far above the ordinary run of parrots. But during his last few days really his vocabulary has been increasing at a most alarming rate. And such expressions! Where, now, I ask you, sir, in confidence, could he have picked them up?"

Our bedroom and Miss Pernickity's adjoining, and suddenly it flashed upon me that certain high words and rather boisterous songs which, in the privacy of our sanctum, we and a few kindred spirits had indulged in a night or two previous, might in some measure be responsible for Warbeck's sudden fluency. But I kept my own counsel upon this score, merely remarking that parrots in their youth were not unfrequently thrown into rather mixed company, and were then quite often known to absorb phrases which they might not see fit to utilize verbally for a long time—ever years afterward.

"Ah, yes, true enough, she replied. "But that is not the case with Perkin Warbeck. To be sure I did buy him from a sailor; but before doing so I was most particular to inquire about

fully jealous."

Here was my opportunity. Notwithstanding her intimacy with us all, and the love she bore Soubrette, upon the subject of her previous life, her family and home, she maintained a complete silence. It was only by such chance remarks as this that we could gain any clew to her past.

"And the mayor?" I inquired suddenly looking up. "Was he a great friend of yours?"

She did not reply for a moment, but seemed to be weighing her words. A look crept into her face that I had never seen there before.

"No," she said at last softly, "we were more than friends; we were—sweethearts."

"And he is dead?"

She had been gazing at the portrait with a wonderful look of tenderness in her great brown eyes, but as I put the last question to her she turned away quickly with a bitter little laugh.

"That depends entirely on how you look at it. To me—yes, he is dead, but to the world in general, to his children to his wife—he still lives and breathes and has his being, I believe. But come, let me look at that picture of yours."

"Ah, yes, that is very, very pretty—admirable!" And that was all that we ever learned of her past. I have often blamed myself since, that I did not make greater efforts to discover who she really was and for whom she had been.

But she was one of those women who with all their kindness of heart and geniality will brook no interference; and I am now fully convinced that, except when some familiar article or chance remark recalled her old life to her, in fact, she was quite oblivious to it, had forgotten it, in fact.

On December morning Soubrette came to me with a very long face.

"I don't know what's to be done," she said. "Miss Pernickity's funds are getting awfully low. All the money she has in the world is in that stocking, and she has got almost down to the toe. And she takes it as calmly as can be; she hasn't the least idea of the value of money. I have a little more than seven dollars in the money-box. I'll change that into silver and slip them into the stocking. But that won't last forever, and afterwards—oh, Jack, I can't bear to think of it!" She buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

Well, of course we at once called a family council; and though we saw no possible means of accomplishing it—for in those days none of us were sufficiently well off to bear the additional expense, and even among the four it would have proved almost more than we could manage—we one and all vowed that as long as Miss Pernickity cared to occupy it the "second floor front," should be at her disposal; and we immediately set to work to do what we could toward carrying out our plan. The author, who by the way, was something of a realist, cast his pet theories to the four winds of heaven, and concocted a tale so gory that it was promptly accepted and handsomely paid for by the Sunday *Venus*; the auctioneer devoted his Saturday afternoons for a whole month to the good cause, tending his services to private families at a slight discount on regular rates; I painted a picture, which, sad to relate, failed to find a purchaser; and Soubrette, although from her own slender estate her contribution was微不足道, told the whole story so pathetically to a bevy of her companions, one night, behind the scenes, that there was a collection taken up on the spot, the leading lady, who had been standing within earshot, heading the list with an amount which by itself would have insured the room to Miss Pernickity for at least two months to come. And she was ably seconded by the *premiere danseuse*, who, before continuing her performance, found it necessary to have her "make up" retouched about the eyes; and even the heavy villain seemed touched by her recital.

And so it came about that the stocking received such a liberal reimbursement that it once more became quite bulky in appearance.

The winter passed quickly and happily, and before we knew it, spring was once more here, and our little circle was shaken to its depths by the news that Miss Pernickity was going away. In vain we expostulated, urged, entreated; even to Soubrette she turned a deaf ear.

It was imperative that she should go, she was ably seconded by the *premiere danseuse*, who, before continuing her performance, found it necessary to have her "make up" retouched about the eyes; and even the heavy villain seemed touched by her recital.

"Amen!"



## BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

—succ—

Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Coughiness, Scurvy, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.

→ THIS IS NO FICTION ←

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be kindly invited to be a Wonderful Medicine.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed will quickly restore females to complete health.

Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver; THEY ACT LIKE MAGIC.

A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long lost Complexion; bringing back the Keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEMARY.

the whole physician's empire of the human frame. These are "the" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guaranteed to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

PREPARED ONLY BY THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL, Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

The arm-chair by the window sat Miss Pernickity. She had her little black bonnet on, and her old-fashioned, wide sleeved cloak. A breeze blew in upon her and caressed with one of her prim little curls. One hand rested caressingly upon "Lamentations" in her lap, and in the other she held the end of Skit-a-wah-boo's chain, while he lay on the window-sill, dozing. And Miss Pernickity, she too slept; but hers was the sleep that knows no waking here on earth.

Soubrette was at her side in an instant; and as I crossed the floor to draw the curtains, roused Perkin Warbeck from his reverie. "He sullenly flapped his wings, then shrieked querulously:

"Amen!"

### Against Crape-Wearing.

This is the way it came about.

Mary and I had been having one of our old-fashioned chats, which are with us the spontaneous

## Burglars.

"Now, see here," said Deacon Parley to his two daughters, "things kinder looks as if I would not home to-night, and then there's all them contributions for the yellow fever sufferers up there, in the red closet; tarnation fool I was to take charge of 'em! There is about two thousand dollars altogether, and that's enough to tempt thieves. If your ma was to hum, I wouldn't feel skinned. She's a woman of sense and experience, but Sarey Ann had to have her twine just on this particular occasion, and there is your ma off for a week."

"Why, pa, nobody knows the money is here," cried the second daughter, Kitty. "They'd be more likely to expect to find it at the store in the safe."

That's just why I fetched it up," said the deacon. "I have got to produce it up to the church meeting to-morrow, and I'd feel party cur'us if I had to go and say 'twas stole—and them boys is so long-tongued and gabby. Can't sell a pound of flour without telling all creation all they know. So I led them to believe I'd put it in the safe, and made a lot of fuss about their locking up keeful, and meanwhile hunted it."

"Well, that was cute!" said Kitty.

"Leave pa alone for fixing things," observed Mary.

The two girls were remarkably fond of their father, and believed him the wisest of men. As he got ready for his journey, they hovered about him, bringing him his gloves, tying his Sunday cravat, putting little dainties in his traveling bag, filling a small bottle with lemonade, in case he should grow thirsty, parting his hair so that the bald spot on top wouldn't show, and listening attentively to his counsel.

"If I ain't to hum," said he, "you'll find the rifle and the pistol both loaded; but I guess the bolts and bars on this here house is all good. You jest see 'em, and it's all right. Fasten up early. Don't go away nowhere, and see you don't let no beggars in."

All of which the girls solemnly promised, and kissing their father, waved their kerchiefs from the porch until he vanished at the turning of the road that led to the station.

Usually the Parley farmhouse boasted both a maid and a man. But it so happened that the last man had fallen in love with the rosy-cheeked help, and that they had married and departed together only the day before. The new servants had not yet arrived, and the farm was in a lonely place, and the mother—as the deacon had said—was at her daughter's, where two little strangers had arrived together.

Still the girls, healthy, merry and not imaginative, felt no alarm. They went to work with a will to tidy the house. They had a pick-up dinner in the kitchen, and they took their crocheted work and a couple of novels on the porch in the afternoon.

"I'll get tea, Kitty," said Mary, as the sun began to set. "I know that you want to finish that blue row."

"Yes, I should like to, Mary," Kitty replied, "if you don't mind."

However, when Mary had gone kitchenward, it occurred to Kitty that there might be a letter at the postoffice for her. The young druggist spoken of in the neighborhood as "Kitty Parley's steady company," lived in New York, and a missive was to be expected from him at any moment. Therefore, Kitty thought that she would run over to the office while Mary was making tea. So she caught up her shade hat and started off down the lane, taking a short cut over the meadows.

Mary, at the same time, having put on the kettle, believed that she could just step in to the next neighbor's and get some patterns she had been promised before the water bubbled. The neighbor's back door was only across two vegetable gardens, and Mary did not need a hat for the sun was quite gone. Away she went, with her light step and quick movements, never guessing that her sister had left it.

So it came to pass that the house was deserted for the space of an hour; for when Kitty got to the office the mail was just in; the letters had yet to be sorted, and while she was waiting for this to be done, an old friend stepped out of a wagon at the door. Of course, there was a long chat, for Mrs. Jones had to tell of deaths and marriages, of an elopement, and of the good luck of her son Billy, who had gone to California and made a little fortune in no time. While at the neighbor's the pattern was hard to find, and then Mary had to learn just how to match the notches, and then it was not civil to go without a little talk, and there was a confidence only to be imparted at the gate, regarding a certain John, who was paying attention to the young lady of the house.

Time flies so much faster at such moments that we can believe. It was quite dark when Kitty fled in at the front door, and Mary bolted in at the back at the same instant. Neither of the girls guessed that the other had been absent. The kettle was boiling, so Mary made the tea, set the table and rang the bell, tucking the patterns behind a platter on the dresser and Kitty entered at the signal, expecting a scolding for keeping tea waiting, but none came.

The girls took their tea, chatting pleasantly over it, and then Mary said:

"Suppose we lock up and go up to our room. It does feel a little spooky down stairs alone."

"It does," said Kitty. "Down cellar first and then everywhere else."

Parley farmhouse was well provided with bolts and bars, and every room had good locks of its own. The girls fastened everything on the lower floor, and then went up to the front room, where their parents slept, to see to the windows, though it was probable that their father had attended to that before he went away.

Kitty went first with a candle, Mary followed. She had stayed to put the cat into the wash-house, and now came up on the full run with that feeling that some unseen thing is behind you grabbing for your back hair, which seems to indicate that all women have a disposition to believe in the supernatural, for who among us has not felt it?

She had just gone to the top step when she heard Kitty scream violently, and heard something fall. As she rushed into the room she saw that it was in darkness—Kitty had dropped the candle.

"Kitty!" exclaimed her sister; "what is the matter?"

"Oh, don't ask me," wailed Kitty. "Get a match. Oh, oh!"

Mary groped about, bumping her head against the bedstead, the wardrobe and her sister's head, before she found the match box. But it came to hand at last, and then she struck a light, found the candle, and lighted it. Kitty sat on the floor rocking in fear and frost.

"What is the matter, dear?" pleaded Mary.

"Oh, don't you see?" sobbed Kitty. "Don't you see?"

And Mary, staring about her, did so. The door of the red closet—the treasure house where the collection for the yellow fever sufferers had been locked up—was wide open. Not only was the cash box gone, but the bundles of linen, stockings, gowns, cloaks and "hawis" also to be sent south had vanished. And pinned to the door was a large piece bearing these words, written in blue pencil.

"Thank you for making it so easy for us. We didn't have a particle of trouble, and a whole hour to help ourselves. We had quite a little lunch, too, out of the buttery. Good-bye!"

"Kitty," said Mary, "don't you almost wish we were dead?"

"I do," said Kitty. "Why, it seems to me that to face pa to-morrow will be more than I can stand."

"It isn't facing him so much," said Mary, "thought that in hard, but what an injury we've done him. He'll have to face the congregation and tell that story. He'll have to make it up out of his savings. Poor pa! Oh, oh!"

and all because I went over to the Dusenberrys for a nasty little paper pattern I could have done without—ah my fault, all mine!"

"No, dear," said Kitty. "I didn't know you went out before, but I was away a whole hour, over at the post office. I met Selina's mother, and she had a lot to say, and they hadn't fixed the letters, so you see, I left the front door unguarded. I did it. They came in at the front door. Oh, dear! What a wicked girl I am!"

"How wrong of both of us!" said Mary. "Now, if I'd just spoken to you—"

"Or to you, said Kitty.

Then both began to cry again.

"If we had anything to say, said Kitty, presently, "if we could save it in any way, if we had jewelry! Oh, I'd go out to service—I'd go into a factory to earn it. But we wouldn't let us go!"

"If we took poison we wouldn't cost any more; it would save money," said Mary.

"Pshaw! our funerals and the disgrace, and they'd feel so!" sobbed Kitty.

"Old Moses Patch asked me to marry him once. I really think I'll go and tell him I will if he'll give me as much as has been stolen, right off!" said Mary.

"Mr. Patch is engaged to Widow Burridge, Selina's mother told me that to-day," said Kitty. "No, we can't do anything. But what does it matter about us, when dear pa will have to suffer for our conduct; dear pa!"

Again the girl sobbed, and it was nearly two o'clock before drowsiness fell upon them, and they went sadly across the entry to their own room, where they cried themselves to sleep.

Kitty awoke first, and began to cry again. Mary, aroused by the sound, sat up and looked about her.

"I suppose we must," said Mary.

She arose and dressed herself and went down stairs. Hardly had she lighted the fire when she heard steps upon the garden path. She looked up and saw her father approaching, and cried out:

"Home so early! Why, pa!"

Then she threw her apron over her face and began to sob.

"Why, what's the matter, Mary?" asked Mr. Parley.

"Oh, pa, I can't tell you!"

"Anything the matter with ma or anybody?" he asked.

"No, thank goodness!" said Mary; "but, pa, it is the very worst thing next to that could happen."

"The money?"

At this moment Kitty appeared at the door.

"Yes, pa," said she, "and all my fault. I went to the postoffice and left the front door open."

"And I went to the Dusenberrys', and left the back door open."

"I stayed an hour."

"So did I."

"Well," said old Parley, "I'll say for you you don't try to cast blame one on t'other, and you do not tell fibs."

"I wish you could sell us for slaves and take the money," said Kitty.

"Slavery times are over," said Parley, "or I could black you up and do that. Well, gals, I'll look pretty, won't I, telling this to the folks in church? I'll look real smart, and I feel so too. I'll have to sell the three-acre lot to raise the amount, I guess, and all because I trusted a couple of gals. Why, I thought your ma's daughters and mine would have a little common sense born into them, but you hadn't, it seems."



ASLEEP ON THE TRACK.

A little child, tired of play, had pillow'd his head on a railroad track and fallen asleep. The train was almost upon him when a passing stranger rushed forward and saved him from a horrible death. Perhaps you are asleep on the track, too. You are, if you are neglecting the home, country, health, friends, the law of appetite, growing weakness and languor, which have unconsciously crept upon you. Wake up, or the train will be upon you! Consumption, which thus insidiously fastens its hold upon its victim while they are unconscious of its approach, is a disease at any time, if it is to be overcome. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it is guaranteed to benefit and cure in every case of Consumption, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an eminent remedy.

Copyright, 1885, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

**\$500 REWARD**  
offered for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Corticelli Silk Co., St. Johns, Que.

and you will receive it by return post.

A Matter of Taste.



Ray Troussy.—But how can you think I'm pretty, when my nose turns up so dreadfully? Jay Bousay.—Well, all I have to say is, that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth.—Puck.

"No," said Kitty, "I haven't."

"I haven't either," said Mary.

"Well, come upstairs and let's see whether you haven't made no mistake," said Mr. Parley.

"I only wish we had," said Kitty.

But they followed their father who was taking it better than they hoped he would.

There stood the red closet open; there was the placard on the door.

"Yes," said old Parley, "them contributions ain't in the closet, and you must have felt sort of funny when you read that notice, gals. But did you look under the bedsheet? It's a big, old-fashioned one with a valance—maybe the burglar is there yet," and he laughed. "Look," said he again.

Kitty gave one startled glance at her father's face and went on her knees beside the bed. She threw the valance back and gave a cry.

There were the bundles, the bags, the rolls, the parcels that had vanished from the red closet, and there, too, was the cash box, shining and bright, and the prettiest thing to Kitty's eyes at that moment that she had ever seen.

"You see," said Mr. Parley, as his daughters dive with joyous squeals under the queer old heirloom with its tester and valance, and reappeared with one thing after the other, "I did come home last night, after all, and I found the house empty, and all flying, and I thought I'd play a joke on you. I pretty near gave in when you cried so, but you deserved a lesson. I slept up garret for once, locked in the man's room. Still, for all, I will say I've found out you're real good girls to each other, and that your sot considerable on your old dad, and you can kiss me."

"It wasn't a bit more than we deserved," said Kitty. "And don't it feel nice to have it all turn out right, after all?"

"Indeed it does," said Mary.

And now old Parley tells that burglar story down at the store once a week on the average.

## The Earl and the Actress.

The recent death of the young Earl of Cairns comes to mind, says *New York Truth*, a true little story bearing on the rupture of his engagement to Miss Fortescue (Finney), the actress. On Lord Garmoyle announcing his engagement to the young actress, and also his fixed determination to adhere to it, the Earl and Countess finding all persuasion and argument completely wasted, hit upon a scheme of their own devising to further the end they had in view. Simulating a final acquiescence in the engagement, they requested the young man to introduce his future bride to them and their immediate friends and in order to provide a fitting opportunity for the acknowledgment of their new daughter-in-law, issued invitations for dinner to the most aristocratic.

## HYDROLEINE

## "HYDRATED OIL"

The finest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, artificially digested; of the consistency of cream.

Containing no gum or other indigestible matter in

## TONIC, DIGESTIVE AND HIGHLY NUTRITIVE

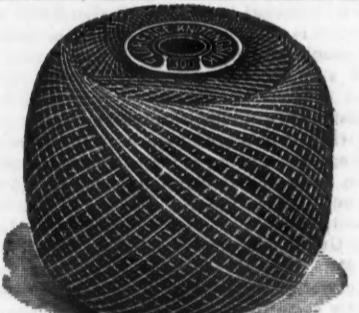
prepared on the

"Principles of the Digestion of Fats," discovered by H. C. Bartlett, Ph. D., F. C. S. and G. Overend Drewry, M. D., M. B. C. S. London, England, as described in their pamphlets entitled "Consumption and Wasting Diseases," and "the Digestion and Assimilation of Fats" mailed free on receipt of 25c. in stamps to pay postage, upon application to

HAZEN MORSE,

International Bridge, Ont.

Hydroleine Cures Consumption, Bronchitis, Colds, and Chronic Coughs, Wasting Diseases.



## FLORENCE KNITTING SILK

This is now much used for fringe and for tassels, as its "soft finish" renders it superior to other silk for this purpose.

Those elegant costumes seen in the show rooms of our leading merchants are often beautifully "Feather stitched" by hand. Examination shows that the work is done with No. 300 Florence Knitting Silk, thus securing beauty, durability and economy. Every enterprising dealer sells it, but if your dealer does not have it in stock, send the price (75c. per oz. or 35c. per ball) in postage stamps to

CARTICELLI SILK CO., St. Johns, Que.

and you will receive it by return post.

and so far as "caste" was concerned, prejudiced among their acquaintance.

In due course the dinner came off and for a time all went well. On the withdrawal of the ladies to the drawing-room, the after-dinner cigar was smoked, and the men prepared to rejoin the fairer portion of the guests. When the youthful and lordly lover entered the room he found his fiancee sitting in a far-off corner, perfectly alone, deserted, and without a soul to offer a kindly or hospitable word.

The intent of these aristocratic dames was only too apparent, and even on the young man's entrance they took care that it should be emphasized, and every back in the room was turned upon the actress. Before he could sufficiently recover from his disgust and amazement he was joined by his father, the old Earl, who whispered in his ear: "My dear Garmoyle, it really is too bad! They carry these social conventionalities altogether too far," adding, after a moment's pause, "and the d—l of it is, it will be just the same after your marriage as before."

**Caught.**  
On a sultry

## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.  
TELEPHONE No. 1706.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year .....	\$5 00
Six Months .....	3 00
Three Months .....	2 00

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL III] TORONTO, MAR. 8, 1890. [No. 15

## Music.

The week has been a quiet, uneventful one. In fact we have had fewer concerts of ambitious pretensions this season than for many years previous. No doubt the depression that prevails in business circles, though generally mentioned only with bated breath, has had much to do with this inactivity. Besides this there is now in Toronto a reluctance to attend concerts in which the talent, so well known and genuinely appreciated in this and neighboring cities, takes part unless reinforced by a powerful ticket selling brigade. Much of this is due to the fact that the musical appetite of a large portion of the indifferent public, an appetite that is easily fed—is abundantly satisfied by the free performances of the pupils of the different institutions that make music a specialty. Those who are at the head of such establishments need hardly wonder, if in consequence of this glut of music—literally without money and without price—their more serious efforts should meet with scanty recognition.

This plethora of that kind of music which may be a little better than its cost has, however, a serious effect on what must, after all, be the great educator of the music-loving public—the concerts given by the visiting combinations, and by the more artistically equipped of our local performers. Time was, when a good combination of visiting professionals was almost always sure of a good house in Toronto, when the community had much less wealth and perhaps more good taste than in the present day. But it requires a reputation, world-wide for excellence, to-day before a meritorious concert company can command an audience at all commensurate with its deserts, without a well organized descent of ticket-selling or subscription seeking minions. The mediocre performances of American-trained artists have, no doubt, much to do with the public indifference to the ordinary concert company, but in many respects a number of performers who rejoice in European training are no better.

The ease with which both European and American press notices more or less eulogistic may be obtained, has been abused to such an extent that it is difficult for the ordinary public to distinguish the wheat from the chaff, and to take a safe course, the gentle public stays away from a concert when not driven to it by the energetic ticket agent, unless it knows positively that the performers are unquestionably excellent, or unless it can enjoy this concourse of sweet sounds in a "complimentary" fashion. And as a result even those bodies who give annual concerts are driven to a careful culling of their musical attractions and to an energetic disposal of their tickets in order to feel sure that the much-desired financial surplus may be secured. Even our local musical societies feel this, especially as the public has become in a measure accustomed to the classes of music presented by them, and the energies of committees are more than ever directed to the extension of subscription lists in the face of a more or less well-defined indifference on the part of the public.

The lesson to be learned by the societies from this experience is two-fold. First of all—that their performances must aim, before everything, at excellence no matter what programme be offered; that the mere recitation of so many pages of music is insufficient to attract the public; that a proper knowledge of—not the mere ability to struggle through—the music to be performed shall be the equipment of those performing; that in choral work a due observance of the necessary balance of tones in parts must not be lost sight of; and above all that mere numbers are not sufficient to produce a proper musical effect, any more than that the singing of certain notes and words by insufficiently trained individuals will necessarily result in proper choral performance.

This leads to the proposition that a certain amount of vocal training and of ability in reading music should be a pre-requisite for membership, and that to produce these qualifications, preparatory classes should be formed from which the main chorus may from time to time be reinforced. This means work and thought and care, but without some such scheme, our choruses must either be reduced in numerical strength or the artistic result must suffer.

The other lesson to be learned, and perhaps a more difficult one, is that the vehicles of musical expression presented to the public have lost their edge, so to speak, and that they have failed on the public taste. The resources of our societies are sufficiently varied to make a greater variety of subjects and performances possible. To stand still is to fall behind. These resources should be developed and trained so that the programmes to be offered shall have more life and contrast. All of which means—besides more work—a greater attention to the attractions of a miscellaneous programme. People are getting tired of a succession of oratorios, especially as our community has neither the traditions nor the general culture to feedly support such a series, and the general want is to hear a programme that will present the ordinary ease of a concert, with the beauties of choral and orchestral work by way of variety. Our two choral bodies have

recognized this fact this year, and the one which produces the greatest excellence in its work, irrespective of the ambition of its designs, will achieve the greatest popularity.

Mrs. Blackstock's muse has not been idle this season. In addition to producing a song, Spring Reveries, which is a very pleasing *comédie* between voice and piano, she has lately brought out a waltz, Starry Night, which has already achieved quite a success in both ballroom and drawing-room. METRONOME.

## NOTES.

Another notability that will visit us this spring is Edward Lloyd, who will sing in Toronto on May 5. Sims Reeves may justly be said to be the darling of the English people, as

Signor Ed. Robin is to be congratulated on the success of his song, On the River. His publishers in London, Eng., recently sent him a cheque for 750 pounds sterling, the amount of the royalty on sales for one year only.

Solomon Sulzer, the creator of modern Israëlitic liturgical music, died recently in Vienna. He spent thirty years of his life in collecting the ancient traditional airs and in giving them modern arrangement.

Just fancy how nice it must be to have one's merit recognized by royalty in England. Dr. Sparks, the veteran Leeds organist, has been placed on the civil list by the Queen for a life pension of £50 per annum, in recognition of his services to musical art.

tenors go, but Lloyd must stand out pre-

eminent as the most artistic singer of tenor parts in oratorio music in the world. A beau-

tiful voice, exquisitely method, most artistic

phrasing and impressive delivery distinguish

his every effort.

Emma Juch has had almost phenomenal suc-

cess with her opera company on the Pacific

coast, in spite of the floods and snow storms

which devastated those sunny regions.

She has appeared in new character, that of Car-

men, this season and has won golden opinions

therewith, although those to whom she ap-

peared an ideal Marguerite will hardly be re-

conciled to the idea of her making a success of

such a hot-blooded fleshly creation as Bére's

heroine.

The great Von Bulow will make a tour in

America during March and April, extending

from Boston to St. Louis, and taking in To-

ronto on Easter Monday, April 7. Precisely

what his programme will be in this city is not

determined, but it may safely be said that,

with his varied repertoire and gigantic memory,

it will be an interesting alike to students and

dilettanti. In Boston and New York he will

play a series of compositions ranging from

Bach to Liszt, and embracing all the intermediate masters so to speak. In Chicago he will

play a cyclo of all the important works pro-

duced by Beethoven between 1795 and 1823.

Von Bulow has just completed his sixtieth

year, having first seen this world at Dresden,

Saxony, January 8, 1830. He studied law, but

hearing Wagner's Lohengrin in 1850 he most

enthusiastically embraced music as a study

and profession, and studied under Wagner and

Liszt, marrying the daughter of the latter in

1857. A curious incident is the fact in

spite of Wagner marrying this lady in later years, after her divorce from Von Bulow, the warmest friendship was maintained

between these two great masters. In 1864 he was appointed conductor of the Royal Opera

House in Munich, where he remained until

1869. He was afterwards appointed Conductor

Royal at Hanover, and still later had a similar

post in the Imperial household at Berlin. In

consequence of a quarrel with the offices of the

Imperial regime, in whose province his labors

lay, he showed a truly democratic spirit by

styling himself Court Pianist to its Majesty

the German People. Von Bulow excels in

clearness of playing and in purity of outline,

yet he has an inexhaustible variety of touch

and a wonderful pedal technique, and above

all has a gift of expressing phonous music.

Probably his greatest art lies in his interpre-

tations of Beethoven, his performances not

being confined to the works of the great com-

poser, but embracing also the compositions of both

first and last periods, interpretations that have

done much to popularize, as all events among

musicians, the productions of these epochs of

the master.

## The Drama.

The Wife was a strong attraction to our theater going public last week. When the public see the names of David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille as the authors of a play they now are beginning to look for something good. They look for something clever and bright, containing a deal of humanity with here and there a passage which touches the softer chords. They expect to hear three acts full of brisk and interesting dialogue which occasionally rises to the absorbing point and perhaps dims a sympathetic eye. And when it is over they feel they can go home unwearied by a prolonged state of nervous tension and overwrought spirit, feeling only the pleasant subsequent languor of a mild excitement and the satisfaction of having everything turn out right. This is just about the bill of fare provided by the authors in the play of The Wife. De Mille and Belasco are now numbered among the first American writers of plays and their connected names seem destined to achieve as great distinction in the sphere of drama as those of Gilbert and Sullivan have in the contiguous field of operatic composition. Lord Chumley, as a medium for Mr. Sothern's peculiar talents, has now an established reputation and their latest play, The Charity Ball, is endorsed by the leading critics as a native production of America fit to stand comparison with any similar work from the more experienced dramatic writers across the water.

Though The Wife has now been before the public for about two years, last week was its premier in this city. The excellent patronage accorded it was significant of the impression it made on our public. The general idea of the play is not unlike The Ironmaster. Both deal with a sentimental difference between husband and wife consequent on a marriage of convenience rather than of affection, and both in the end are smoothed over satisfactorily. The

story of The Wife is briefly as follows: Robert Gray, a young attorney, was at a period before the opening of the play, nursed through a serious fit of illness by Lucille Ferrant, and as result, a warm intimacy sprang up between them, which ended in something like a betrothal. His ardor waned later on, however, and he fell in love with Helen Truman, who also became betrothed to him. At this juncture Miss Ferrant appeared on the scene, and, finding out that she had been cast aside, she resolved to separate the lovers at any cost. In this she was aided and abetted by Matthew Culver, who was Gray's political rival and an unscrupulous rascal of the polished-brass stamp. Lucille Ferrant told Helen Truman that Gray had promised to marry her and had broken his promise, and she was believed. Helen thereupon refused to have anything more to do with the man whom she believed to be false. While still suffering from the effects of this blow her hand was sought by John Rutherford of the United States Senate, a man whom she had long known and highly esteemed. She married him for the respect she bore him while her heart was still with Gray. But Rutherford is one of Nature's noblemen. He shuts his ears to the voice of scandal, and by the nobility of his conduct finally turns his wife's respect to love. Then Gray is forthwith buried in the study of law. Lucille Ferrant is sent to the south of France, possibly to Monte Carlo, and Culver—the wicked Culver—dismissed in an equally summary manner. The plot lacks the finish and unity which mark that of Lord Chumley, and the characterization of the leading *dramatic personae* is somewhat weak. The character of the heroine is especially colorless, and even those of Gray and Rutherford are of rather a negative nature. Matthew Culver makes a more decided impression on one's mind. The leading personages are supported, however, by a number of minor characters, some of which are very cleverly elaborated, and in my estimation at times completely outshine the foremost characters of the play. We are so interested in their comedy that we lose sight of the tragedy of hearts that we are supposed to be absorbed in. We are, as it were, laughing at a funeral. These characters are Silas Truman of the Produce Exchange, Major Homer K. Putnam, Jack Dexter, a student, his *fiancee*, Kitty Ives, and her mother, Mrs. S. Bellamy Ives. These are all well treated, and the feeble-mindedness of the foremost characters is upheld by their by-play so well that their flaccidity is scarcely noticed.

No doubt many of the ladies were attracted to the play to see the costumes of Mrs. Berian-Gibbs, the lady who takes the part of Helen Truman. They have been spoken of as a "symphony in white," and have been described in various other phrases from the vocabulary of ecstasy, all of which they doubtless deserved, for they were very beautiful. Mrs. Berian-Gibbs, is evidently what is known as a "society actress." Being a luminary of some brilliance in the drawing-room she doubtless became ambitious to let her light shine brighter and farther and accordingly essayed the stellar regions of the stage. But beauty and grace even when assisted by the effulgence of Worth costumes and the scintillation of jewels do not make a theatrical star. Mrs. Berian-Gibbs as an actress is outshone by some of those ladies who should be her support. It would take a much stronger and more skilful artist than she is to make interesting the part of Helen Truman. We can tolerate almost anything in a part when it is played by a beautiful woman wearing "a symphony in white," but toleration is one thing and fascination something quite different. Miss Frances Gaunt, as Lucille Ferrant, made her part interesting. Miss Ethel Greybrook was excellent as Mrs. Ives, and Miss Etta Hawkins, as Kitty Ives, was the cleverest lady juvenile we have seen here for some time. Among the gentlemen, I should say the honors went to Mr. Henry Herman who played Matthew Culver, although the other parts were well sustained.

I have been tempted to write this much of The Wife for the reason that the attractions at the theaters this week are well known and have been reviewed in this column before. The Twelve Temptations has done good business at the Grand. This piece is put on with even greater splendor if possible than marked its presentation last season. Some new features have been added to the ballet. Riding on Grandpa's Shoulders is a quaint conceit which has been prettily worked out. The ballets of the Cockatoos and the Nations are as attractive as ever. The costumes of the ballet are rich and artistic, and the girls for the most part young and good-looking. Mlle. Bonfanti is still the *premiere*, and is ably assisted by Mlle. Eloise and Victor Chilado. The balancing feats of the Devanas were particularly good. Some changes have taken place in the cast, but these are of little consequence, since the attraction of the show lies in the tableaux almost entirely. Mr. Kruger, as Snoro Apropos, was as funny as ever. Miss Mai Estelle still takes the part of the Snow Queen very acceptably, and Miss Jessie West made a bright, pretty and petite Bright Eyes who sings very nicely and dances as gracefully as a fairy. No one can see this show without realizing that it is a very large amount of money has been spent in its production and that as a purely physical and mechanical show it stands high. And yet, notwithstanding this, it is apt to become somewhat wearisome and lacks something. That something is mind. If it were not all painted canvas and tinsel and machinery and calcium, all fantastic costumes and pink tights and military precision, if it only had a little something to give it a human interest outside of the purely spectacular it would be a much better show.

That is where Faust Up to Date for instance surpasses such a piece as the Twelve Temptations.

Mr. H. A. McDowell and Fanny Reeves with their company will play at the Grand the first three nights of next week and Wednesday matinee. They will open on Monday evening with the great New York success The Private

Secretary; on Tuesday evening the military comedy, Our Regiment; at the matinee Ouida's Motns and the Shaughan for Wednesday evening. Mr. McDowell is well known in this city though he has not played here for some time. A good performance may be looked for.

Minnie O-car Gray and W. T. Stephens, with his trained dogs, have been playing The Old Oaken Bucket at Jacobs & Sparrow's all this week. The play is very much the same as when played here last season. The trained dogs are essentially the feature of the performance, which is very good of its class. Miss Gray, in the part of Messenger Boy 42, makes quite a hit. The support is fairly good, and the play on the whole is staged and played in a very satisfactory manner. Next week, Dowling and Hasson.

A company presenting an alleged comedy called Mrs. Partington opened at the Academy of Music on Monday night. It was about the dizziest kind of a comedy that has struck this vicinity for long time. The playing was on a par with the piece, though on Tuesday evening there was some improvement on the first night. As an act of kindness to the players I shall not mention their names, and I hope they may in time live it down.

## DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Gondoliers has been transferred to Palmer's theater, and is doing much better than when first presented.

Tomaso Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, closes his American season in New York next week. He says this is his farewell tour.

The Kendals close their New York engagement this week. They have emptied their repertoire on that city with great success.

Miss Eunice Vance, the Little Totie Coughdrop of the Transatlantic Vaudevilles, is a daughter of "the great Vance" of London music hall fame.

It is announced that Helen Dauvray, the wife of John M.

## Noted People.

The little Duke of Albany is taking to the piano like a Hofmann or a Hegner—so the court gossips say.

Doctor Karolina Wilderstrom, the first Swedish lady physician, has begun her practice in Stockholm. She will give free consultation to the poor.

Mrs. Astor, wife of the New York millionaire, says that well-bred women are learning to dress more and more plainly every year in public places.

Leo XIII. is reported by the Roman journals to be engaged in making extensive studies on the Socialist question, preparatory to issuing an encyclical letter on the subject.

The violinist Sivori lives at Genoa, and is now very old and feeble. At a recent artistic festival, however, he played superbly on Paganini's fiddle, which is religiously preserved under a glass case by the municipality.

The Due D'Orleans is engaged to a pretty little French girl, who went to see him in prison. She was horrified to find him in a bare, whitewashed and carpetless room with a very meagre supply of furniture. His food was, however, satisfactory, though not luxurious.

Christine Nilsson's youngest niece, Charlotte Johansson, who is sixteen years old, is supposed to give great promise as a singer, as she has a very good voice. The young lady was to have completed her education at Christiansa, but suffered so from homesickness that she has returned to her home.

Prince Albert of Monaco, who gets £30,000 a year from the proprietors of the Casino, intends to devote this money to making improvements in his State, and to completing the Cathedral at Monaco. Prince Albert can well afford to dispense with this grant, for he inherited an immense fortune from his miserly father, and his wife is enormously rich.

Prince Henry of Battenberg is still absent. English society is wonderfully anxious to discover the probable length of his stay abroad, but no definite time can be named. Her Majesty lives in the same quiet fashion. Princess Beatrice exerts herself in the direction of tableaux and theatricals.

Dom Pedro lately went to Cannes to inspect its military fortifications, and entrance was at first refused by the sentinel at the gate; but when the soldier learned who he was the bayonet was lifted and he was allowed to pass in. Afterward the sentinel was severely punished by the commanding officer on the ground that the French republic did not recognize ex-emperors, and cared to have no monarchs prowling about its forts.

A school fellow of Mr. Rider Haggard's, in some recent reminiscences, shows that the distinguished author of *She* must be classed with the schoolboy dunces. Mr. Haggard was a pupil of Ipswich School, and as a boy he is described as a tall, lank youth, with a thick crop of unkempt hair, sharp features, prominent nose, and eyes which had rather a wild look about them. In his classes he never took a high place, and both his schoolmates and his masters looked on him as a rather stupid boy.

The recent anniversary of the Queen's wedding-day, the day which would have been her golden wedding, has brought forward this curious statement. It is said that Tennyson owed his laureateship to the young queen's tender fancy for The Miller's Daughter. It was during those days when the young prince was constantly in her thoughts that she read and loved the poem; bestowing upon its author the place which Wordsworth's death had left vacant.

How strange for us to read that Mr. Gladstone repaired to Oxford for ten days' study and uninterrupted library work. One would fancy that the Grand Old Man's days of study were in the past, but it is not so. He still works on, returning to the place endeared by the remembrance of youthful associates, and long-past earnest work. Oxford should be proud to welcome again the man who, going from her years ago, has won so much of praise and honor from the world at large.

The Rev. Charles Yeld of Nottingham tells, upon the authority of a member of the lady's family, a story that in early life Tennyson was much enamored of a Miss Bradshaw, and that once when he was out riding with the Bradshaw family the object of his adoration asked him the time. When he took out his watch she looked over his shoulder, whereupon the future poet exclaimed, "Don't!". Upon her asking in surprise why she was not to look, Tennyson is said to have replied: "No, it would stop to look at you." The Rev. Mr. Yeld puts upon this remark a meaning complimentary to the person to whom it was addressed and to the poetic genius of Tennyson. It seems more reasonable to discover in the remark the original of the American slang, "ugly enough to stop a watch," and at the same time a full and sufficient explanation of why the poet was thrown over by Miss Bradshaw, as, according to the story, he was.

The late Empress Augusta was not the choice of her husband's first fancy, and indeed, was married to him only two years after he had written that heartbroken letter to his father, which Heinrich von Treitschke has recently given to the world, and in which Prince William abandoned his last hopes of being allowed to wed the bride of his heart, Princess Elizabeth Radziwill. The Princess he obediently married in 1829, was fourteen years younger than himself, a bright, clever girl of scarce seventeen, of marked intelligence, and very highly educated; but she never was a beauty, and there may well have been times when the lack of this crowning gift of the fairies formed a sore trial. For Augusta loved and looked up to her husband, and rival attractions must often have made her heart ache, while Bismarck's jealousy of her influence was perhaps even more galling than the veiled impertinence of handsome faces of her own sex. The late Empress held her own, however, and won universal respect, and even acquired a certain charm of manner and wit, that compensated for more material fascinations.

## Sweet Bananaland.



O traveler of note is without vivid first impressions of every country he sees. For this reason I must have had some; if not, I must get some. Let me see, what were my first impressions of Nassau? From the steamer—that opalescent sea! Yes, that came in somewhere among the

impressions. I am not sure that I didn't get it from the guide book. After consulting the guide book I find that I got the word and probably the idea there. On examining the dictionary to get some further details for working up the description, I am pained to find that "opalescent" is the wrong word. The sea doesn't "reflect a milky light from its interior." No doubt it ought to, but it is stubborn on that point. It is a bright greenish color, and one can see the bottom even though the water is twenty or thirty feet deep. How is a descriptive writer of eminence, like myself, to do justice to his subject, if the guide books upon which he leans for eloquence are unreliable? I mention this as one of the difficulties which may make my lurid impressions of scenery a little off color in spots. I think the palms impressed me first, as tall and graceful they stand, crowned by their waving plumage, high above the houses and low-lying island. It is odd how one thing will give individuality and novelty to a whole landscape. It is the palm that fills the eye of the stranger as he scans the islands which rise in such uneven lines from that much-talked-of and transparent sea. The square houses with cottage roofs, no chimneys, and extensive lattice work might possibly belong to the north, but the palm tree with its long boughs and immense plume-like leaves is tropical. As it surrounds everything in height, so it is the first thing to impress the stranger, and will live in his memory like the feathers on the top of the woman's bonnet who sits right in front of him in the theater. The next object that I recall as being intensely interesting was a colored boat hand. His skin was so black that charcoal would have made a white mark on it, and his under lip resembled about three pounds and a half of steak done rare on top and burned on the under side. He had much to do with the manual labor of transferring the luggage from the steamer to the tender, and during the excitement occasioned by this exercise, he stepped on the bare foot of one of his bracelet companions, who thereupon called him a "damn niggah." I was pained to hear this profane expression, but the person referred to was wounded still worse. I have attended theological debates which have got very warm, and persons, in earnest but regretful tones came as near calling one another liars as the Westminster confession would permit; been at political meetings where personalities were indulged in and charges made which if true should have resulted in penitentiary for life; and have heard and perhaps engaged in several private snarls where the feelings of one or both parties were intentionally and seriously injured, but I never saw anyone so deeply cut up as he of the sonorous epidermis was over being called a "nigger." You will observe that I speak of epidermis instead of skin. A letter from a candid admirer lies before me and about me in reference to my habit of falling into the vernacular, that is to say, that in my last letter and previously I have shown a tendency to use words long since obsolete in polite society. For instance, that I in one glaring instance spoke of a man's "insides." I regret and retract this uncultured expression, as on second thought I am aware that people belonging to the first families are guiltless of anything so vulgar as insides. I am using a dictionary more now and if I do not improve in my style, it will be because the bright lexicon of youth gives out before I do.

With a big trunk on his shoulder and streams of sweat running down his ebony brow as the porter with wounded feelings passed the offender he rolled his eyes, curled that ponderous under-done lip and hissed savagely as they say on the stage, "I's a niggah, is I?" Re-passing him he would continue the conversation: "I'll see who's a niggah when we gets on sho'" and again on the next trip crowding as close to the culprit as possible, showing still more of the whites of his eyes and increasing the terror of his appearance, he inquired, "Damn niggah is I?" Sitting on a trunk where I could hear this dialogue and nurse my lame leg I wondered whether it would result in murder before we would get unhooked from the steamer. The colored man who had used the objectionable expression first tried to conciliate his adversary by paying no attention to the inquiries and ebullitions of emotion which the member from the Congo was making. He was a big burly fellow and was carrying a bundle of steamer chairs when Congo reiterated the question, "I's a damn niggah is I?"

"You, you is a damn buck niggah," was the reply. Somehow the bundle of steamer chairs swung around accidentally, and hit the head of the gentleman with the pouting lip. It sounded hollow—the head, not the lip. The doubly injured stevedore immediately relinquished the idea of going after another trunk and followed his tormentor. They clutched and each came away with a handful of the other's shirt—one handful being taken from a locality where it was urgently needed. The boss, with words I could not think of repeating except to myself, interfered and set them at work. The remarks as they passed each other continued till a bright idea struck the original sufferer. As he passed the other fellow he said in the deep, gutteral tones we hear about, "You is a damn brack buck niggah yo'." After that he seemed to feel better and peace was restored. He had made the meanest remark that one colored person can to another. The whites of Nassau are careful never to use the word "nigger" in the hearing of a black man. It is an insult which will be carried around in the colored Nassau heart for years, and if a stranger should use it in the hearing of a resident he would be taken aside and told

it is a very great mistake. The colored population has been described as a wonderfully fine type of negro and politer than any of his shade in other lands. I will concede the politeness but not the good looks—it doesn't run in the family anywhere.

The favorite conveyance in Nassau is a sort of two-seated buggy or double phaeton drawn by a native pony urged forward by the whip and voice of a negro driver. A consummate gentleman and I employed one of these vehicles to go up to the hotel three blocks away and were charged a dollar, though that money will hire one of those conveyances for half a day if you know how to negotiate. Up a gentle slope we rode at a very ungenteel pace, turned through a massive gateway, continued the ascent in a semi-circle before a very large white four-story building with piazzas and green shutters and high tower, under the pilastered base, of which we were driven and unloaded. The piazza, which extends beneath the tower—which is really a widened portion of it—is the chief loafing place for the hotel guests, and as we painfully clambered from the vehicle to the steps, the ghastly consumptive struggling for breath, and I trying to find a place to plant my crutches, some remarks were passed by the spectators which were decidedly personal. I think my companion must have weighed fully eighty or eighty-five pounds while I run up somewhere between two and three hundred. "There is a one-lung-er, sure," I heard a fellow say, "but get on to the one-legger he has with him!" It doesn't matter. The guest's who had been there long enough to get acquainted seemed to take pleasure in making semi-audible remarks about the new arrivals which were generally followed by a titter from the ladies. General Perkins arrived just after I did, and one of the guests exclaimed, "There is Gen. Perkins."

"Poor fellow," said a lady, looking at me, "I

eighteen feet high, the windows opening directly on the front piazza the driveway and garden. The situation and size of the room however constituted its chief furniture. There was no carpet, no curtains, a \$22.50 set of ash furniture—the exact kind I most dislike—and some hooks upon which the visitor could hang the clothes which he did not happen to be wearing. The paper must have cost fully three cents a roll and was about as ugly as anything the mind of man could conceive. I believe the Government of the Bahama selects the patterns and keeps the hotel in repair. The Minister of Wall Paper and Interior Decorations ought to be dismissed for having put that paper on in the first place and secondly for having left it there for several generations, during which flies and mosquitos have left their x marks most numerously. In hot countries it is not the fashion to have carpets, but at twenty-one dollars a week my soul clamored for some matting or paint on the floor and for more than one chair. By-and-by I got a pair of curtains from the stately housekeeper which were only two feet too short, but one gets use to this sort of thing and begins to imagine that it is the proper caper. It is an odd thing that the mosquito always tackle a stranger. The first two nights I slept there I got twenty-six bites on one hand and twenty-seven on the other. After that I wasn't bitten at all—I thought perhaps there was too much rheumatism in my blood and the scatolic flavoring was too strong—but found this opening night performance is everybody's introductory experience. It seems to be an extra insult to have a mosquito bite one in January and the irritation lasts longer than in summer.

The dining-room of the hotel occupies nearly a half of the first floor. It is an immense room rounded at one end like the stern of a ship, and has a row of windows and a piazza all around

quite convicts enough and the road has some holes and lumps places in it which make the riding somewhat rough. We went westward along the beach for five or six miles, then turned inland through sisal plantations, coco palm groves and pineapple fields. Pigeon plums and wild oranges hung over the road and brushed our faces, but the indefatigable darkey kept urging his pony to the top of his speed, and as the road got rougher the pony went faster and I had to hang on the seat to keep from falling out. As each jolt helped to waken Old Scatolia, by the time we got to the Bahamian Lakes of Killarney, and beautiful little lakes they are, I was as sore as a boil all over. There is some duck shooting about the lakes and very nice boating. Small forests of pines, drawed in size but rich in color, and with the delightful resinous smell of their species, cover many acres in the heart of the island and it is pleasant to see the old tree again so far from one's native hills, reminding one of home and the shooting days in the pines when the carpet of cones and needles lies thick upon the ground. It is more beautiful than the palm to the northern man, carrying him as it does back to the sandy uplands and lakelets so dear to the sportsman's heart. Then we drove back again, the pony going harder than ever, the stiff springs just a little trifle stiffer, the lumps in the road a little lumpier, and the rheumatism just a little nastier. Taken all round I don't remember whether I enjoyed that ride or not. I remember that it is hard to look at scenery and listen to a description of novelties when one is signing for just one minute's rest from the torture of bobbing up and down like corn in a griddle. The houses and hovels inhabited by the colored people out in the country are about as dirty and desolate as hog pens. There is no glass in the windows, but shutters exclude the night air, which is alleged to be very unwholesome, and while the whole family sleeps on the floor with every opening in the wall tightly closed in order to keep the spirits from getting in and Voodooing them, it is a wonder they are not suffocated. If any white man were to try to sleep in the same room with them, I warrant he would take chances in the night air and with the wicked spirits rather than inhale air tainted by a dozen unwashed darkeys amongst whom onions and other sweet smelling herbs are a favorite diet.

After tea, which is served at six o'clock, the guests loaf in the big hall by the front doorway or in the large porch under the tower. The comparison of symptoms is a favorite topic among the sick and one does get awfully tired of hearing how the sore spot in the lung is feeling, having signs of improvement in diseased kidneys pointed out, together with descriptions of the convalescence of a throat, improved digestion, a repaired liver, the tortures of insomnia and signs of departing paralysis. I am not very susceptible to the influences which surround me, but I did wish that the ghastly gentleman who had successfully fought consumption for seven years would sit a little farther away from me, that his breath, smelling like a charnel house, would expend its force on somebody else. His desperate, convulsive cough, as it loosened a piece of lung, and the violent struggle it required to expectorate the same, rather disturbed conversation which had no reference to pulmonary troubles, and when he proceeded to give in detail a descriptive harangue lasting sometimes for half or three-quarters of an hour; how "he had a show of red that morning," the exact quarts and pints of night sweat which had weakened him the night before, how the medicine he had taken was acting on his diseased system, the exact hour when he had been attacked by the fever, the date to a minute when it began to recede, the



From the photo by Mr. Ernest Warren

A PLANTER'S RESIDENCE, NASSAU.

suppose he lost his leg in the war."

"He hasn't lost any legs!" exclaimed her informant.

"Then, what makes him so lame?" she asked.

"Gout," was the answer. She looked at me still more attentively.

"He is a young looking man to have the gout, isn't he?" But I suppose he is a hard liver. He looks like it," (in a half whisper). "See he is staring at me! I wonder if he heard what I said."

"Why, that isn't Gen. Perkins looking at you," said her companion, disdainfully, "that Mexican looking fellow with the crutches! That is Gen. Perkins over there by the register." Taking it all round I felt complimented in being considered a somewhat warlike looking greaser.

The Royal Victoria is a fine hotel. It is owned by the Government, cost \$125,000 when labor could be had for forty cents a day, and is leased to Mr. Samuel Morton I am told, for \$2,000 a season consisting of four or five months during which time it is open, but business is active for less than three months.

The consequence is that the visitor has to pay fairly high prices for his accommodation. Sam and Aleck Morton are very popular with everybody. They with their deceased brother used to run the Morton House in New York. A gentleman by the name of Smith is the clerk, and he is as nice a Smith as I ever knew and a hotel clerk who is never too busy to be polite, or too big feeling to converse with a stranger who has not a letter of introduction to him from the nobility. The Royal Victoria is the only really good hotel on the island. The native meat and poultry are runty and not good. The climate is too hot for butter making, and indeed fresh milk of any kind is twenty-five cents a quart and is not included in the bill of fare even at the Royal Victoria, where the condensed article is provided. It may be very nice, but I don't like it as well as the milk direct from the cow before it has been canned and prepared and sweetened until it has lost its natural taste.

The butter, meat and poultry used in the hotel are brought in large ice boxes from New York once every fortnight, and the guest who is aware of this is prone to imagine that towards the end of the two weeks things are not quite as fresh as they were, though really I believe the difference cannot be detected. Board runs from \$17.50 to \$40.00 a week according to the location and number of rooms occupied. The rooms themselves are generally large and all of them lofty. French windows open upon piazzas which run around the entire building affording delightful promenades, and the hotel and cottages adjoining it will accommodate about two hundred and fifty guests. This season however has been a bad one and when I was there there were not more than seventy-five names on the register. I had a room on the ground floor about as large as an ordinary dining room, sixteen or

it. The waiters appear to have been chosen specially for their combination of blackness and politeness. Help is cheap. Waiters can be had for two or three dollars a week, and one appears to stand behind almost every chair. The bill of fare is excellent, though like all such things when taken day after day becomes somewhat monotonous. The cooking is as good as that of a New York hotel, and the service a hundredfold better. Fish of a hundred kinds and a thousand hues abound in the waters about Nassau, blue fish, angel fish, yellow-tailed snapper, red snapper, marge, sheep fish, horse fish, cow fish, and a fish named after almost every other animal that was with Noah in the ark. The colors of these fish as seen in the market are wonderfully varied and beautiful, but immediately after they come out of the sea, and before they have a chance to fade they are a surprise to us northern people who imagine that our waters provide the finest fish in the world. Even our black bass is not as toothsome or more firm than the marge or yellow-tailed snapper. Then the oranges are fresh and delightful; the bananas can be picked from trees overhanging every wall; the sapodillas, sweeter than honey, and though inexpressibly sickening to me are considered a delicacy. Coconuts picked while they are green afford about half a pint each of almost colorless liquid, sweet and sparkling; mixed with ice it makes a beautiful drink. One can take almost a gallon of it in a day, and it is very fattening. Pineapples were not in season and green turtles not as numerous as usual, but green turtle soup is no luxury down there. Anyone can have it. Other fruits and vegetables were not in season in Nassau but came up on the steamer from Cuba, and altogether the Royal Victoria afforded about as pleasant a bill of fare for January as one could imagine anywhere in the world. The politeness of everybody was noticeable, and if anyone quarreled with the hotelkeepers or with their employer it was certainly the guest's fault.

The island is about seven miles wide and twenty miles long, and as one has no newspapers, can receive no telegrams or letters often than once every two weeks it becomes a question how to amuse one's self. One can hire a horse and driver and double-seated buggy for morning and afternoon drives at seven or eight dollars a week and you may be gone as long as you wish. Long rows of these vehicles stand in the drive-way before the hotel in the morning and after dinner and the majority of people go on excursions to the various points of interest. Mr. Tom Mills, a young Torontonian who is spending the winter in Nassau for his health, kindly took me for an introductory drive on the day I arrived. I had no idea what it would be like or I would have stayed home. We got in the trap and started. The pony was about twice as big as a Shetland and the driver made him go with all his might.

The roads are fairly smooth, being the top of the coral rock smoothed out and kept in repair by a chain gang of convicts, but they haven't quite convicts enough and the road has some holes and lumps places in it which make the riding somewhat rough. We went westward along the beach for five or six miles, then turned inland through sisal plantations, coco palm groves and pineapple fields. Pigeon plums and wild oranges hung over the road and brushed our faces, but the indefatigable darkey kept urging his pony to the top of his speed, and as the road got rougher the pony went faster and I had to hang on the seat to keep from falling out. As each jolt helped to waken Old Scatolia, by the time we got to the Bahamian Lakes of Killarney, and beautiful little lakes they are, I was as sore as a boil all over. There is some duck shooting about the lakes and very nice boating. Small forests of pines, drawed in size but rich in color, and with the delightful resinous smell of their species, cover many acres in the heart of the island and it is pleasant to see the old tree again so far from one's native hills, reminding one of home and the shooting days in the pines when the carpet of cones and needles lies thick upon the ground. It is more beautiful than the palm to the northern man, carrying him as it does back to the sandy uplands and lakelets so dear to the sportsman's heart. Then we drove back again, the pony going harder than ever, the stiff springs just a little trifle stiffer, the lumps in the road a little lumpier, and the rheumatism just a little nastier. Taken all round I don't remember whether I enjoyed that ride or not. I remember that it is hard to look at scenery and listen to a description of novelties when one is signing for just one minute when it began to recede, the

condition of his appetite, strength, spirits, etc., it gave one a feeling that while life may be worth living under some circumstances it was pretty nearly nip and tuck in his case. And as I sat around, with no better job than holding down a chair and wondering when I would be able to walk again, I decided that surviving wasn't worth much if my consumptive friend insisted on monopolizing the conversation and keeping it in pulmonary channels when I was dying to talk about rheumatism and the phenomena I was observing in my own system.

DON.

She Fixed It.

Miss Hurryup—Ah! George, you cannot tell what trouble a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman.

## A LIFE SENTENCE

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER XXX—CONTINUED.

But she did not sleep, even when Parker had departed. She lay thinking, with the tears gathering and falling one by one, until they made a great wet spot on the pillow beneath her head. The shadow that hung over her young life was growing very dark.

Parker had hurried into her own room, where she first shut and locked the door, as if afraid to think even while it was open, and then wrung her hands in a sort of agony.

"To think of it—to think of it!" she said, bursting into sobs. "And Miss Enid has no sweet and innocent gentle! What has she done! What has she got to be put out of the way for! Just for the sake of the money, I suppose, that it may all go to that wretched little Master Dick! Oh, she's a wicked woman—a wicked woman; and I'd give my life never to have set eyes upon her, for she'll be the ruin of the body and soul!"

But "she" in this case did not mean Enid Vane.

Parker was aroused from her meditations by the sharp tinkle of a bell, which she knew that Mrs. Vane must have rung. She started when she heard it, and a look of disgust crossed her face; but, as she hesitated, the bell rang again, more impiously than ever. Parker dashed the tears from her eyes, and sped down the long corridor to Mrs. Vane's dressing-room. Her hands were trembling still.

"Why do you keep me in this way when I ring for you, Parker?" said Mrs. Vane, in her coldest tone. "I rang twice."

"Miss Vane wanted me, ma'am. I have been with her."

There was an odd tremor in the woman's voice. Mrs. Vane surveyed her critically.

"You look very strange, Parker. What is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"No, ma'am; but Miss Vane is."

Flossy grew a shade paler and looked up. She was still in her dressing-gown—white, edged everywhere with costly lace—and her fair hair was hanging loose over her shoulders.

"Ill? What is the matter with her?"

"I—I thought perhaps you would know, ma'am," said Parker desperately. Then, afraid of what she had said, she turned to a drawer, pulled it open, and began ransacking it diligently. From the momentary silence in the room she felt as if her shaft had gone home; but she dared not look round to see.

"What on earth do you mean, Parker?" said Mrs. Vane, after that one pause, which said so much to her maid's suspicious ears; the chill disdain in her voice was intangible. "How can I tell you what is the matter with Miss Vane when I have not seen her since dinner-time yesterday?" She was well enough, then—almost as well as she has been since this trying weather began."

"Did you see her last night, ma'am, when you went to her room about eleven o'clock?" said Parker, trying to assume a bolder tone, but failing to hide her nervousness.

Again a short but unmistakable pause.

"No, I did not," said Mrs. Vane drily. "I listened at the door to see if she was asleep, but I did not go in."

"She seems to have been dreaming that you did, ma'am."

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Vane, little hurriedly. "You should not attend to all her fancies, Parker. You know that she has very odd fancies indeed sometimes. The shock of her father's death when she was a child had a very injurious effect upon her nerves, and I should never be surprised at anything that she chose to do or say. Pray don't get into the way of repeating her words, or of imagining that they must necessarily be true!"

"No, ma'am," said Parker submissively.

Evidently there was nothing more for her to say. Well, perhaps she had put her mistress on her guard.

"Oh, by-the-bye, Parker! There are two dresses of mine in the wardrobe—the brown one and the silk—that you can do what you like with. And I was thinking of sending a little present to your mother. You may take this purse—there are seven pounds in it; send it to her from me, if you like, as a little acknowledgment of your faithful service. And—if there is anything else that I can do for her, you need only mention it."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Parker, but with out enthusiasm. "I don't know as there's anything that she wants at present."

"Take the purse," said Flossy impatiently; "and then go away and come back when I ring. I won't have my hair brushed just now. Is Miss Vane better?"

"Yes, ma'am—she's better now." And Parker went away, knowing very well that she had been bribed to her tongue.

But after that interview she noticed that Enid had been to recover tone and strength, for a few succeeding days she was more like herself than she had been of late, and that the symptoms of faintness and palpitation which she had mentioned to Mr. Ingledew disappeared. Parker nodded mysteriously as she remarked on these facts to herself, and thought that for ones her interference had had a good effect.

She had lately found less to report concerning Miss Vane's movements than before Mr. Lepel's visit; for Enid's ministrations amongst the poor had been almost entirely brought to a close on the ground that close cottages and the sight of suffering must necessarily be bad for her health. Accordingly she had gone less and less to the village, and had seen almost nothing of Mr. Evansdale. Parker, being thus less often on duty, found more time than usual for her own various scraps of business, and took occasion one evening to run out to the post office when all the family were at dinner, and while at the post office she noticed a stranger in the village street—a highly respectable, venerable-looking old man with picturesque white hair and beard.

"That's Mr. Dare, who's a-stayin' at the inn," said the postmistress to Parker, who was a person of considerable importance in village eyes. "Such a nice old gentleman! He comes from America, where they say he's made a fortune, and he's very liberal with his money."

So good a character interested Parker at once in Mr. Dare. She felt quite flattered when, in passing down the lane, she was accosted by the gentleman in question, who pulled off his hat to her politely, and asked her whether she could tell him if Mr. Lepel was likely to visit Beechfield Hall in the course of a week or two.

"Let me see," said Parker. "Why, yes, sir—I heard yesterday that he was coming down next Saturday, just for a day or two, you know."

"I used to know a Mr. Lepel once," said the stranger, "and he did me a kindness. If this is the same, I'd like to thank him before I go. I heard him mentioned up at the Crown yesterday, and wondered whether I could find out."

"I dare say it's the same—he's always a very kind gentleman," quoth Parker, remembering the half-crowns that Hubert had many a time bestowed on her.

"Fair, isn't he?" said Mr. Dare. "That was my Mr. Lepel—fair and short and stout, and a nice little wife and family—"

"Oh, dear, no—that isn't our Mr. Lepel!" said Parker, with disdain. "He's tall and good dark and thin; and, as to being married, he's engaged to Miss Vane of Beechfield Hall, or as good as engaged, I know; and they're to be married when she's out of her teens, because the general, her uncle, won't consent to it."

"Ah," said the stranger, "you're right; that's not the gentleman I know. Engaged, is he? And very fond of the young lady, I suppose!"

"Worships the very ground she treads upon!" said Parker. "She would have thought it *in'va* dig to allow for one moment that Miss

Enid did not meet with her deserts in the way of adoration. "He's always coming down here to see her. And she the same! I don't think they could be happy apart. He's just devoted!"

"And that," said Hubert Dare to himself, "is the man who makes my girl believe that he is fond of her!"

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Hubert was sadly puzzled by Cynthia's manner to him at this time. She seemed to have lost her bright spirits; she was grave and even depressed now; and then she manifested a sort of coldness which he felt that he did not understand. Was this the effect of his confession? or that he had prolonged his faith before he lost his heart? She had shown no such coldness when he told her first; but perhaps reflection had changed her tone. He began by trying to treat her ceremoniously. In turn, but he found it a difficult task. He had never been on very ceremonious terms at all with her, and to begin them now, when she had acknowledged that she loved him and he had kissed her ripe red lips—he said to himself that it was absurd.

"Madam," he said, "I am unfeignedly sorry, but I find that circumstances will not allow me to accompany you this evening. Will you pardon me therefore if I decline the honor of the seat that you have offered me?"

This was the effect of speech intended to pacify Madame della Scala, who liked to be addressed as if she were a princess; he knew that she would be angry enough at his defection. Before she had recovered herself so far as to speak, he fell back and signed to the coachman to drive on. They had left him far behind before madame ceased to vent her exclamations of wrath, despair, and disappointment.

"What can be meant by 'circumstances'?" This was the phrase that rose most frequently to her tongue. "Circumstances will not allow me to be with you this evening. Will you pardon me therefore if I decline the honor of the seat that you have offered me?"

"I think by 'circumstances' he meant me," said Cynthia at last—by which remark she diverted all madame's wrath upon her own unlucky head.

She did not seem to mind however. She looked brilliant that evening, and she sang her best. There was a royal personage amongst her hearers, and the royal personage begged to be presented to her, and complimented her upon her singing. As Cynthia made her little curtsey and smiled her bright little smile, she wondered what the royal personage would say if he knew that she was "Westwood, the murderer's daughter." She had been called so often in her earliest years ever to forget the title.

In spite of her waywardness that night, she was woman enough to wish that Hubert had been there to witness her triumph. She had never offended him before. She thought that perhaps he would come back, and darted hasty glances at the throng of smart folk around her, longing to see his dark face in some corner of the room. But she was disappointed; he did not come.

"Oh, Miss West," said her hostess to her, in the course of the evening, "do come here one moment! I hope you won't be very much bored; you young people always like other young people best, I know. But there is a lady here—an old lady—who is very much impressed by your voice—your charming voice—and wants to know you; and she is really worth knowing, I assure you—gives delightful parties now and then."

"I shall be only too happy," said Mr. Lepel, "if you will allow me some honor. And, in the meantime, it is not yet nine o'clock, Cynthia; so, in spite of your impatience, you can not start quite immediately. What is there so attractive at the Gores' this evening that you wish to set off so early?"

"Oh, nothing—I did not know the time!" said Cynthia.

"I shall be most happy!" said Cynthia brightly. "I like old ladies very much; they generally have something to say."

"Which young men do not do they? Oh, fie, you naughty girl! I will show you with young Lord Frederick over there—Dear Miss Vane, this is our sweet songstress, Miss Cynthia West—Miss Vane. I have just been telling her how much you admire her lovely singing," and then the hostess hurried away.

Something like an electric shock seemed to pass through Cynthia's frame. She did not show any trace of emotion, the smile did not waver on her lips; but suddenly, as she bowed gracefully to the handsome, keen-eyed old lady to whom she had just been introduced, she saw herself a ragged, unkempt, savage little walf and stray, fresh from the workhouse, standing on a summer day upon a dusty road, the centre of a little group of persons whose faces came back to her one by one with painful distinctness. There was the old lady—not so wrinkled as this old lady, but still with the same clearly-cut features, the same sharp eyes, the same inflexible mouth; there was the child with delicate limbs and dainty movements, with sweet, sympathetic eyes and lovely golden hair, which Cynthia had passionately admired as she had never admired any other hair and eyes in the world before; and there was a young man. His face had hitherto been the one that she thought she remembered best; she was suddenly aware that she had so idealized and glorified it that its very features had become unreal, and that when she met it in the flesh in later years it remained unrecognizable. Never once till now had it been borne in upon her that this hero of her childish dreams and her present lover were one and the same. It was terrible shock to her—and greater even than she knew.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Miss West," said Miss Leonora Vane, holding out her hand so cordially that Cynthia could not in common politeness refuse to take it. "Your singing has delighted everybody—and myself, I am sure I may say, not least. You have been some time in Italy, I suppose? Do sit down here by me and tell me where you studied."

"I shall be most happy!" said Cynthia.

"I like old ladies very much; they generally have something to say."

"Which young men do not do they? Oh, fie, you naughty girl! I will show you with young Lord Frederick over there—Dear Miss Vane, this is our sweet songstress, Miss Cynthia West—Miss Vane. I have just been telling her how much you admire her lovely singing," and then the hostess hurried away.

Something like an electric shock seemed to pass through Cynthia's frame. She did not show any trace of emotion, the smile did not waver on her lips; but suddenly, as she bowed gracefully to the handsome, keen-eyed old lady to whom she had just been introduced, she saw herself a ragged, unkempt, savage little walf and stray, fresh from the workhouse, standing on a summer day upon a dusty road, the centre of a little group of persons whose faces came back to her one by one with painful distinctness. There was the old lady—not so wrinkled as this old lady, but still with the same clearly-cut features, the same sharp eyes, the same inflexible mouth; there was the child with delicate limbs and dainty movements, with sweet, sympathetic eyes and lovely golden hair, which Cynthia had passionately admired as she had never admired any other hair and eyes in the world before; and there was a young man. His face had hitherto been the one that she thought she remembered best; she was suddenly aware that she had so idealized and glorified it that its very features had become unreal, and that when she met it in the flesh in later years it remained unrecognizable. Never once till now had it been borne in upon her that this hero of her childish dreams and her present lover were one and the same. It was terrible shock to her—and greater even than she knew.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Miss West," said Miss Leonora Vane, holding out her hand so cordially that Cynthia could not in common politeness refuse to take it. "Your singing has delighted everybody—and myself, I am sure I may say, not least. You have been some time in Italy, I suppose? Do sit down here by me and tell me where you studied."

"I shall be most happy!" said Cynthia.

"I like old ladies very much; they generally have something to say."

"Which young men do not do they? Oh, fie, you naughty girl! I will show you with young Lord Frederick over there—Dear Miss Vane, this is our sweet songstress, Miss Cynthia West—Miss Vane. I have just been telling her how much you admire her lovely singing," and then the hostess hurried away.

Something like an electric shock seemed to pass through Cynthia's frame. She did not show any trace of emotion, the smile did not waver on her lips; but suddenly, as she bowed gracefully to the handsome, keen-eyed old lady to whom she had just been introduced, she saw herself a ragged, unkempt, savage little walf and stray, fresh from the workhouse, standing on a summer day upon a dusty road, the centre of a little group of persons whose faces came back to her one by one with painful distinctness. There was the old lady—not so wrinkled as this old lady, but still with the same clearly-cut features, the same sharp eyes, the same inflexible mouth; there was the child with delicate limbs and dainty movements, with sweet, sympathetic eyes and lovely golden hair, which Cynthia had passionately admired as she had never admired any other hair and eyes in the world before; and there was a young man. His face had hitherto been the one that she thought she remembered best; she was suddenly aware that she had so idealized and glorified it that its very features had become unreal, and that when she met it in the flesh in later years it remained unrecognizable. Never once till now had it been borne in upon her that this hero of her childish dreams and her present lover were one and the same. It was terrible shock to her—and greater even than she knew.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Miss West," said Miss Leonora Vane, holding out her hand so cordially that Cynthia could not in common politeness refuse to take it. "Your singing has delighted everybody—and myself, I am sure I may say, not least. You have been some time in Italy, I suppose? Do sit down here by me and tell me where you studied."

"I shall be most happy!" said Cynthia.

"I like old ladies very much; they generally have something to say."

"Which young men do not do they? Oh, fie, you naughty girl! I will show you with young Lord Frederick over there—Dear Miss Vane, this is our sweet songstress, Miss Cynthia West—Miss Vane. I have just been telling her how much you admire her lovely singing," and then the hostess hurried away.

Something like an electric shock seemed to pass through Cynthia's frame. She did not show any trace of emotion, the smile did not waver on her lips; but suddenly, as she bowed gracefully to the handsome, keen-eyed old lady to whom she had just been introduced, she saw herself a ragged, unkempt, savage little walf and stray, fresh from the workhouse, standing on a summer day upon a dusty road, the centre of a little group of persons whose faces came back to her one by one with painful distinctness. There was the old lady—not so wrinkled as this old lady, but still with the same clearly-cut features, the same sharp eyes, the same inflexible mouth; there was the child with delicate limbs and dainty movements, with sweet, sympathetic eyes and lovely golden hair, which Cynthia had passionately admired as she had never admired any other hair and eyes in the world before; and there was a young man. His face had hitherto been the one that she thought she remembered best; she was suddenly aware that she had so idealized and glorified it that its very features had become unreal, and that when she met it in the flesh in later years it remained unrecognizable. Never once till now had it been borne in upon her that this hero of her childish dreams and her present lover were one and the same. It was terrible shock to her—and greater even than she knew.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Miss West," said Miss Leonora Vane, holding out her hand so cordially that Cynthia could not in common politeness refuse to take it. "Your singing has delighted everybody—and myself, I am sure I may say, not least. You have been some time in Italy, I suppose? Do sit down here by me and tell me where you studied."

"I shall be most happy!" said Cynthia.

"I like old ladies very much; they generally have something to say."

"Which young men do not do they? Oh, fie, you naughty girl! I will show you with young Lord Frederick over there—Dear Miss Vane, this is our sweet songstress, Miss Cynthia West—Miss Vane. I have just been telling her how much you admire her lovely singing," and then the hostess hurried away.

Something like an electric shock seemed to pass through Cynthia's frame. She did not show any trace of emotion, the smile did not waver on her lips; but suddenly, as she bowed gracefully to the handsome, keen-eyed old lady to whom she had just been introduced, she saw herself a ragged, unkempt, savage little walf and stray, fresh from the workhouse, standing on a summer day upon a dusty road, the centre of a little group of persons whose faces came back to her one by one with painful distinctness. There was the old lady—not so wrinkled as this old lady, but still with the same clearly-cut features, the same sharp eyes, the same inflexible mouth; there was the child with delicate limbs and dainty movements, with sweet, sympathetic eyes and lovely golden hair, which Cynthia had passionately admired as she had never admired any other hair and eyes in the world before; and there was a young man. His face had hitherto been the one that she thought she remembered best; she was suddenly aware that she had so idealized and glorified it that its very features had become unreal, and that when she met it in the flesh in later years it remained unrecognizable. Never once till now had it been borne in upon her that this hero of her childish dreams and her present lover were one and the same. It was terrible shock to her—and greater even than she knew.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Miss West," said Miss Leonora Vane, holding out her hand so cordially that Cynthia could not in common politeness refuse to take it. "Your singing has delighted everybody—and myself, I am sure I may say, not least. You have been some time in Italy, I suppose? Do sit down here by me and tell me where you studied."

"I shall be most happy!" said Cynthia.

"I like old ladies very much; they generally have something to say."

"Which young men do not do they? Oh, fie, you naughty girl! I will show you with young Lord Frederick over there—Dear Miss Vane, this is our sweet songstress, Miss Cynthia West—Miss Vane. I have just been telling her how much you admire her lovely singing," and then the hostess hurried away.

Something like an electric shock seemed to pass through Cynthia's frame. She did not show any trace of emotion, the smile did not waver on her lips; but suddenly, as she bowed gracefully to the handsome, keen-eyed old lady to whom she had just been introduced, she saw herself a ragged, unkempt, savage little walf

# THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunotic," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Although Stanley had met Hugh Cameron with such graceful ease and composure, his heart was beating rapidly as she drove homewards through the London streets. She had been dreading this meeting ever since their arrival in London; but it had affected her even more than she had feared it would. Hugh's haggard face, his agitation, his vain endeavor to regain his composure, caused her infinite pain; he was as changed in appearance and manner, he looked so ill and wretched. During the remainder of the night she could not sleep; his haggard features seemed to haunt her; she hid her face in her pillows, trying to shut out the vision, but she could not; and, when she raised her head, they were wet with her tears. He was very unhappy, she told herself pitifully; and she loved him too well even not to have preferred his happiness to her own.

The next morning her father saw that she was pale and that she looked tired; and, when they were alone after breakfast, and she told him quietly that she had seen the Camerons, there was a sudden swift gleam of anger in his blue eyes. He had not forgiven Hugh that insult, which still rankled in his heart. His daughter slipped her hand within his arm and rested her cheek caressingly against his shoulder.

"I want you to be good to him when you meet, dear," she said gently. "I do not think he is very happy; and, father, I have thought many times that my letter never reached him—otherwise he would have answered it in some way or other. Nothing in all our friendship with him should lead us to attribute disloyalty to him."

"But letters generally reach their destinations, Stanley," demurred Sir Humphrey drily.

"Some do not, dear," she answered pathetically. "Father, I feel sure that mine did not!"

"I am certain it did, Stanley!" the old man replied, thinking of his own letter, and deciding that, if one had miscarried, a second was not likely to fail.

"But I am not," she persisted, with a tremulous laugh, although the fire by which she stood seemed a blured mass before her teardimmed eyes. "And I want you to be kind and considerate when you meet him. Will you, dear? Ah, father, do, for my sake!"

Sir Humphrey hesitated for a few moments, then he bent his head and kissed her.

"You always get your own way, Stanley," he said lightly. "But it is almost time for our visit to Graham. If we do not hurry, Stanley, we shall have to pass a bad quarter of an hour in his waiting-room with a score of other unhappy mortals."

Doctor Graham was an old friend of Sir Humphrey's—a relative of his dead wife's—and one of the first physicians of the day. He usually saw Sir Humphrey at informal hours; and the time appointed this morning was half an hour before his usual hour for receiving patients. On arriving in Harley street, Sir Humphrey was ushered into a small drawing-room on the ground floor, where she usually waited for her father. She had not been there more than a minute when Doctor Graham's voice sounded in the hall without, and he entered the drawing-room where she was with a lady to whom he was speaking in firm decided tones. Stanley rose, rather embarrassed, and at the first glance scarcely recognized Mrs. Cameron in the woman whom the physician put into a chair before he perceived Stanley.

"Stanley," he exclaimed then, "I did not know you were here; but I am very glad to see you! You are a sensible girl, and I want you to see that Mrs. Cameron swallows the potion I will send her in a few minutes. You know each other, of course!"

"Oh, yes!" replied Stanley, as she went forward to the fauteuil wherein Hugh's wife was resting. She looked white and exhausted, but forced a smile to her lips as she held out her hand to Stanley, while the doctor hurried away.

"You are not here for advice," she said faintly, "and yet you go out a good deal, do you not? Doctor Graham has been scolding me for doing so."

"I do not think I go out much in the ordinary sense of the word," Stanley returned gently. "My father is not very well, and we did not come up to town until last week. I am very sorry that you are not very strong!"

"Oh, I never was robust!" Laura answered. "You remember at Combermere," she added, with a laugh, "I frightened you, did I not?" flushing faintly under Stanley's grave eyes as she spoke.

"I am not much used to illness," Stanley replied; "but I think you are not looking well now, and that it would be wiser to take Dr. Graham's advice."

"No doubt, if it were possible," agreed Mrs. Cameron, with a touch of bitterness; "but the best of physicians know very little about one's ailments. He tells me to live quietly and avoid excitement—and it is not always possible to do that. I do not work, and it is never possible not to do that!" she added, with a gesture of despair which startled Stanley.

"You surely can have no cause for worry," said the girl; "and you must obey the doctor for your husband's sake, you know."

"Yes," rejoined Laura eagerly. "You will not tell him you met me here, will you? He does not know, and he would be so anxious! Please say nothing!"

"Of course," replied Stanley, wondering at Laura's sudden excitement; "although I think you yourself ought to tell him what Doctor Graham says and let him enforce his advice," she added, with a smile.

"Oh, no—oh, no, he must not know! He would ask questions, and—!" She sank back trembling on the cushions. "You will say nothing! Promise me that you will say nothing!"

"I am not likely to say anything to him," Stanley answered, looking at her, wondering at the terror and nervousness she betrayed; then, with a sudden pang of pity for the trembling woman, she bent towards her and took her hands. "Dear Mrs. Cameron," she said, "are you wise or right in not telling your husband of your indifferent health? I think you ought not to keep him ignorant of it. And, if so much gaiety is bad for you, why do you not leave town and go away for a time?"

"Because I dare not!" replied Laura, with sudden passion. "Ah, you don't understand! How could you? You are like Doctor Graham. He says, 'Keep yourself quiet—don't excite yourself! It is so easy to do so—so easy when—'"

She paused abruptly, and, taking Stanley's hand, put it to her side. The girl felt the heavy beating of Laura's heart beneath her touch; it throbbed heavily, yet in a labored manner, so violently that Stanley's face turned deathly pale, and, involuntarily, she put out her hand and grasped his.

The doctor noticed her agitation, and gave her a few minutes to recover herself before he spoke again. He saw that she was deeply moved; but he did not guess the anguish and remorse that were torturing her.

"He was scarcely convalescent when they were married," the doctor continued. "They joined Mr. Cameron and Lady Sara in Algiers then. I heard all this from Lady Marian Ashton a short time ago. She was very indignant that her nephew's illness had been kept from her; she was at her house at Richmond during a great part of the time, and knew nothing of his critical condition. His wife says it was by his own wish; but of course for some weeks he knew nothing of what was going on about him. The whole business seemed rather mysterious—or romantic, shall we say? But, in any case, the marriage, I fear, is scarcely a happy one; and she is a very miserable woman. She needs a friend—a kind, faithful, woman-friend; and, Stanley, see if you cannot be that friend. I know I am asking a great deal," he resumed,

must have thought that I was going crazy!" She had forced a smile to her lips; but it was such a ghastly mockery that it was almost terrible to see. She sank heavily back among her cushions. "You see what an excitable mortal I am," she said feebly. "I am always talking nonsense!"

Before Stanley could answer, a servant entered with the restorative which Doctor Graham had sent for Mrs. Cameron. Laura's hand shook so as she took the glass that she split some of the contents on her gown, but she drank the remainder; and Stanley gave the glass back to the servant, who left her during her silence; but she conquered it before she spoke.

"I will do what I can," she said; "but it will be very little, cousin William. Do you not think it would be better to write to Miss Cameron and ask her to come to her? She could comfort her, I am sure, if any one can."

"It will scarcely comfort her," he answered. "You will guess what it is, my child, when you see me again."

A silence followed, which was only broken by Doctor Graham's entrance.

"I have come to take you to your carriage," he said to Laura. "I hope you have made up your mind to obey me. You know the alternative—I must tell Mr. Cameron, and I am quite sure he would be a very unpleasant person to quarrel with."

"I too am sure of that," she returned, with a bitter smile; "so I will obey you."

She turned to Stanley. The girl's face showed plainly the concern she felt, and Laura's lip quivered.

"Will you come and see me sometimes?" she said pleadingly. "I have so few real friends, and I should like to be friends with you, although—" She paused abruptly, then added,

"Will you come? I am very unwell, Doctor Graham says; so I ought to be humored, like an invalid."

Doctor Graham looked at them keenly as he waited—at the two beautiful faces so strangely unlike, the one flushed now, the blue eyes fire-bright, the lips unsteady; the other, so sweet and compassionate and steadfast, with the grave tender lips so firmly set, the earnest eyes so full of truth and compassion.

"I will come, certainly," said Stanley. "Doctor Graham does not forbid visitors, I hope?"

"No—not some little dissipation," he observed, smiling. "But he recommends moderation in both; he disapproves entirely of three balls every night for six weeks and days given up to matines and conversations, *et cetera*. Your father will be here directly, Stanley. He is much better to-day. I left him discussing Royalties with Doctor Foster," he added, with a laugh, as he led Mrs. Cameron out of the room.

In a few minutes he came back, looking grave and somewhat troubled. He took Stanley's hand and looked at her very kindly; but said nothing; and she hesitated to speak lest she should disturb some painful thought.

"Poor soul," he said, after a short pause— "poor woman!"

"Is she so ill?" asked Stanley, the color fading from her face.

"She is so ill that I am helpless," he answered gravely. "Her illness is one which baffles physicians, my child. She has some secret trouble or grief undermining her strength and wearing her out. She does not confide in me; but I can understand something of it. She seems to be a prey to continual fear and dread. I can guess what her life is; I see how she suffers. Her heart cannot long stand such a strain as she is subjecting it to. And yet what a pity—what a pity, so lovely a woman, with all the world can give her—all but happiness!"

He had been holding Stanley's hand all the time; but now he dropped it and walked slowly to the other end of the room, then came back and laid his hand kindly upon the girl's shoulder.

"Stanley, I think you can help her, if you will," he said. "She has asked you to be her friend; I am glad she saw you here to-day; but I have been wishing that you should meet; but—"

"You have forgotten," interposed Stanley, in a low tone.

"I have forgotten nothing!" he answered. "It is because I remember that I ask you, Stanley. I never knew why your engagement was broken off, because, greatly interested as I am in you, I am a very busy man, and my intervals of leisure are few; but, if that poor woman was instrumental in the rupture, she—"

"Oh, no—oh, no!" cried Stanley, quickly. "She had nothing to do with it, cousin William!"

"I am glad of that," he said. "I feared she had wronged you; I hope she has not. You said you would go and see her, my child; but it may be that you meant merely to pay her a morning call. I want you to do more than that Stanley. I want you—as you can so well, if you like—to win her confidence. The friendship of a true and good woman would be of inestimable value to her; it might even prolong her life."

"I am afraid she would not confide in me," the girl answered. "We have never known much of each other."

"But you might induce her to confide in her husband," urged the physician. "I have met Hugh Cameron of course; but I really know very little of him. I am sure however of one thing—that Humphrey Gerant would not have agreed to his marriage with his daughter if he had not had a very high opinion of him; and I think he is not a man likely to make a woman's life unhappy, especially when he is bound to that woman by the holiest of ties."

"He is very good and true and noble," Stanley rejoined steadily. "I am certain he could not be unkind to any one—above all to his wife."

"I am sure too," agreed Doctor Graham. "But men have so many unconscious ways of making a woman's heart ache, even when they feel tenderly towards her. That she loves him passionately I knew before they became man and wife. During his severe illness—"

Stanley looked up with a start.

"His severe illness? Has Hugh been ill? I did not know that!" she said quickly, in low tone.

"He was very ill in the autumn—in October, I think. I don't quite know all the particulars; but one morning Lady Boechar, driving by one of the stations, Waterloo, I think—saw a crowd assembled round a swooning man and discovered to her astonishment that it was Hugh Cameron. He had come up by one of the night trains, had walked out of the station, and fainted suddenly. She took him home in her carriage to her house in Park Lane, sent for Miss Cameron, and between them they nursed him through the long and dangerous illness which followed his swoon. I was called in for a consultation, and I scarcely thought he would have pulled through—it was many weeks before the danger was over."

Stanley's face turned deathly pale, and, involuntarily, she put out her hand and grasped his.

The doctor noticed her agitation, and gave her a few minutes to recover herself before he spoke again. He saw that she was deeply moved; but he did not guess the anguish and remorse that were torturing her.

"He was scarcely convalescent when they were married," the doctor continued. "They joined Mr. Cameron and Lady Sara in Algiers then. I heard all this from Lady Marian Ashton a short time ago. She was very indignant that her nephew's illness had been kept from her; she was at her house at Richmond during a great part of the time, and knew nothing of his critical condition. His wife says it was by his own wish; but of course for some weeks he knew nothing of what was going on about him. The whole business seemed rather mysterious—or romantic, shall we say? But, in any case, the marriage, I fear, is scarcely a happy one; and she is a very miserable woman. She needs a friend—a kind, faithful, woman-friend; and, Stanley, see if you cannot be that friend. I know I am asking a great deal," he resumed,

after a thoughtful silence; "but I know too of whom I am asking it. I am not exposing you to any danger, my child," he added, gravely. "She is a great deal alone."

Stanley was silent for a few moments. She felt sure now that the letter she had written to Hugh had never reached him; and the thought occurred to her that perhaps Laura could explain why it had not done so. A curious sense of repulsion came over her during her silence; but she conquered it before she spoke.

"I will do what I can," she said; "but it will be very little, cousin William. Do you not think it would be better to write to Miss Cameron and ask her to come to her? She could comfort her, I am sure, if any one can." She was scarcely comforted; but she needs a friend—a kind, faithful, woman-friend; and, Stanley, see if you cannot be that friend. I know I am asking a great deal," he resumed,

after a thoughtful silence; "but I know too of whom I am asking it. I am not exposing you to any danger, my child," he added, gravely. "She is a great deal alone."

Stanley was silent for a few moments. She felt sure now that the letter she had written to Hugh had never reached him; and the thought occurred to her that perhaps Laura could explain why it had not done so. A curious sense of repulsion came over her during her silence; but she conquered it before she spoke.

"I will do what I can," she said; "but it will be very little, cousin William. Do you not think it would be better to write to Miss Cameron and ask her to come to her? She could comfort her, I am sure, if any one can." She was scarcely comforted; but she needs a friend—a kind, faithful, woman-friend; and, Stanley, see if you cannot be that friend. I know I am asking a great deal," he resumed,

after a thoughtful silence; "but I know too of whom I am asking it. I am not exposing you to any danger, my child," he added, gravely. "She is a great deal alone."

Stanley was silent for a few moments. She felt sure now that the letter she had written to Hugh had never reached him; and the thought occurred to her that perhaps Laura could explain why it had not done so. A curious sense of repulsion came over her during her silence; but she conquered it before she spoke.

"I will do what I can," she said; "but it will be very little, cousin William. Do you not think it would be better to write to Miss Cameron and ask her to come to her? She could comfort her, I am sure, if any one can." She was scarcely comforted; but she needs a friend—a kind, faithful, woman-friend; and, Stanley, see if you cannot be that friend. I know I am asking a great deal," he resumed,

after a thoughtful silence; "but I know too of whom I am asking it. I am not exposing you to any danger, my child," he added, gravely. "She is a great deal alone."

Stanley was silent for a few moments. She felt sure now that the letter she had written to Hugh had never reached him; and the thought occurred to her that perhaps Laura could explain why it had not done so. A curious sense of repulsion came over her during her silence; but she conquered it before she spoke.

"I will do what I can," she said; "but it will be very little, cousin William. Do you not think it would be better to write to Miss Cameron and ask her to come to her? She could comfort her, I am sure, if any one can." She was scarcely comforted; but she needs a friend—a kind, faithful, woman-friend; and, Stanley, see if you cannot be that friend. I know I am asking a great deal," he resumed,

after a thoughtful silence; "but I know too of whom I am asking it. I am not exposing you to any danger, my child," he added, gravely. "She is a great deal alone."

Stanley was silent for a few moments. She felt sure now that the letter she had written to Hugh had never reached him; and the thought occurred to her that perhaps Laura could explain why it had not done so. A curious sense of repulsion came over her during her silence; but she conquered it before she spoke.

"I will do what I can," she said; "but it will be very little, cousin William. Do you not think it would be better to write to Miss Cameron and ask her to come to her? She could comfort her, I am sure, if any one can." She was scarcely comforted; but she needs a friend—a kind, faithful, woman-friend; and, Stanley, see if you cannot be that friend. I know I am asking a great deal," he resumed,

after a thoughtful silence; "but I know too of whom I am asking it. I am not exposing you to any danger, my child," he added, gravely. "She is a great deal alone."

Stanley was silent for a few moments. She felt sure now that the letter she had written to Hugh had never reached him; and the thought occurred to her that perhaps Laura could explain why it had not done so. A curious sense of repulsion came over her during her silence; but she conquered it before she spoke.

"I will do what I can," she said; "but it will be very little, cousin William. Do you not think it would be better to write to Miss Cameron and ask her to come to her? She could comfort her, I am sure, if any one can." She was scarcely comforted; but she needs a friend—a kind, faithful, woman-friend; and, Stanley, see if you cannot be that friend. I know I am asking a great deal," he resumed,

after a thoughtful silence; "but I know too of whom I am asking it. I am not exposing you to any danger, my child," he added, gravely. "She is a great deal alone."

Stanley was silent for a few moments. She felt sure now that the letter she had written to Hugh had never reached him; and the thought occurred to her that perhaps Laura could explain why it had not done so. A curious sense of repulsion came over her during her silence; but she conquered it before she spoke.

"I will do what I can," she said; "but it will be very little, cousin William. Do you not think it would be better to write to Miss Cameron and ask her to come to her? She could comfort her, I am sure, if any one can." She was scarcely comforted; but she needs a friend—a kind, faithful, woman-friend; and, Stanley, see if you cannot be that friend

**E. D. FARRINGER**  
TEACHER OF  
Piano, Violin, Cornet & Orchestral Instruments  
will accept engagements as Cornet Soloist for Concerts and  
Entertainments. Apply to or address  
**58 Homewood Avenue**

**M. E. W. SCHUCH**  
Chairmaster Chmn of the Redeemer, Conductor University  
Glee Club, has resumed instruction in  
Voice Culture and Expression in Singing  
At his residence,  
8 Avenue Street (College Avenue).

**H. M. FIELD**  
FROM LIMPSFIELD AND FRANKFORT  
Piano Virtuoso  
165 Gloucester Street & Toronto College of Music  
Will accept engagements for Concerts, and will also take  
pupils in Piano Theory and Instrumentation.

**HARMONY BY CORRESPONDENCE**  
To accommodate those living at a distance  
Mr. THOS. SINGLETON, Port Hope, Ont.  
Will give lessons in harmony as above and prepare candidates  
for the Royal College of Music, Royal Conservatory and the  
Toronto Conservatory of Music. All Mr. Singleton's pupils  
who have taken the Trinity examinations have been successful.  
Reference—Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Miss Bao, and  
A.C.O. (E.G.), Toronto.

**M. R. J. W. F. HARRISON**  
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musica  
Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.  
Organ, Piano and Harmony  
94 Gloucester Street

**WALTER DONVILLE**  
Teacher of Violin  
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.  
8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

**A. S. VOGT** (LATE OF THE ROYAL  
Conservatoire, Leipzig,  
Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist  
Church, Toronto, Teacher of  
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory  
at the Toronto College of Music  
Residence 349 Jarvis Street

**SIGNOR ED. RUBINI**  
Pianoforte pupil of Moscheles and Thalberg, late principal  
professor of singing at the London Academy, London, Eng.  
Pianoforte and Voice Teacher. Will give lessons in singing to  
ladies and gentlemen amateur and professional students  
and specially prepares pupils for all branches of the musical  
profession—operas, concertos and oratorios. His products  
are on one of Signor Rubini's specialties. Terms moderate.  
Circulars on application at residence, 152 Wilton  
Avenue, or to Messrs. Nordheimer's or Messrs. Suckling &  
Sons.

**MISS ALICE WALTZ**  
Late Solo Soprano, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and St.  
John's R. C. Church, Philadelphia.  
CONCERT, ORATORIO AND RECITAL  
Pupils received in Voice Culture.  
417 Church Street

**ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC**  
150 Carlton St., opp. Horticultural Gardens  
Established 1884  
Under the direction of

**CHAS. FARRINGER**  
A German educated in Germany.  
Our primary Department is second to none, and is not  
only nominally, but actually, under supervision of the  
Principal.

VOICE CULTURE AND PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION.  
**MISS MARIE C. STRONG**, Primarily  
Contralto, has much pleasure in announcing that  
she is now prepared to give lessons in Voice Culture and  
Pianoforte Playing. Open for engagements at sacred and  
secular concerts. Circulars, terms, etc., at the piano ware-  
rooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, and Suckling & Sons,  
or 30 Bond Street.



**TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC**  
Thorough Instruction in All Branches  
F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.

1886 HON. G. W. ALLAN  
TOKONTO President.

**CONSERVATORY**  
OF MUSIC

OVER 1,000 PUPILS LAST TWO YEARS.

All branches taught: Instrumental and Vocal Music, Oratorio and Church Music, Elocution, Languages, etc. SCHOLARSHIPS, CERTIFICATES, and DIPLOMAS granted. FREE Theory and Violin Classes. Pupils received in Voice Culture. Organ students can practice and have lessons in magnificent new instrument, built especially for Conservatory. Pupils may enter at any time. Send for new 85-page Calendar. Address EDWARD FISHER, Music Director, Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

**BRITISH AMERICAN**  
ARCADE,  
YONGE ST.  
TORONTO.  
Business College  
The oldest and most reliable of its kind in Canada. All subjects pertaining to a business education taught by able and experienced teachers.  
C. O'DEA, Secretary.

**THE ASSOCIATED ARTISTS'**  
SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN  
Antique, Life and Painting Classes  
Daily

Applications may be made at the rooms, 31 and 32,  
Yonge Street Arcade.

**LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY**  
Examinations, Oral or Written.  
MRS. MENDON, 228 McCaul Street.

**BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.**  
Gold Medalist Dyers and Cleaners

We make a specialty of the finer grades of work, such as  
Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Damask, Rep or Brocatelle Cur-  
tains, Table Covers, &c. Ladies' and Gent's wearing ap-  
parel cleaned by our new chemical process, which prevents  
shrinking.

50 King Street East  
BRANCHES—515 Queen Street West, 228 and 232 Queen  
Street East, 127 Parliament Street, and 322 Yonge Street.  
TELEPHONE 1990

Parcels sent for and delivered to all parts of the city.

**L. R. O'BRIEN, R.C.A.**  
Studio, 20 College Street

Open to the public on Saturday afternoons from 3 to 5. Mr. O'Brien's work this year includes sketches and paintings from the south and west coasts of England.

**FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S  
PRESENTS**

Micklethwaite's Fine Crayon Portraits  
Prize Award at Toronto Industrial, 1889

Gallery cor. King and Jarvis Sts., Toronto  
200 Crayon and Frame for \$10. Satisfactory license  
guaranteed.

**J. FRASER BRYCE**  
PHOTOGRAPHER

107 King St. West — TORONTO  
J. W. L. FORSTER ART  
Portraits a Specialty  
Studio — 51 King Street East

**JOHN P. MILL**  
Has a large assortment of  
SWISS AND AMERICAN WATCHES  
From Three Dollars up.  
445 Yonge Street, opp. College Ave.

**THE "JEWEL" RESTAURANT**  
Jordan Street

This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has  
recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.  
Reading and smoking rooms.

**HENRY MORGAN** Proprietor

**THE LEADER SAMPLE ROOM**

THE CHOICEST LINE OF  
WINES, L'QUORS AND CIGARS

First-Class Restaurant in Connection

E. SULLIVAN, Proprietor

**M. McCONNELL** Proprietor

Commandador Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family  
trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon  
"White Seal," George Goulets and other leading brands  
of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always  
in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

**FOR OYSTERS** Served in True  
VIRGINIA STYLE

CALL AT  
JAKE'S VIRGINIA RESTAURANT  
DOORS NEVER CLOSED  
Grand Opera House Building. Tel. 2060

**DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS**

We have removed to 504 Yonge Street, to more  
convenient premises, where we are prepared to fill all orders for  
cleaning carpets without taking them up. We also take  
up and relay carpets where it is necessary. Toronto  
Carpet and Plush Ren. Co.

**F. H. SEFTON**  
DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's  
Dry Goods Store

**OFFICE HOURS** 8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

**SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY**

Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sectional  
Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to  
modern dentistry practiced.

**CHAS. P. LENNOX**

Yonge Street Arcade Room B  
Telephone 1846

**TEETH WITH OR  
WITHOUT A PLATE**

Best teeth on Rubber, \$2.00. Vitalized air for painless  
extraction. Telephone 1476

**C. H. RIGGS**, cor. King and Yonge

**C. V. SNELGROVE**

Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto

New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns  
a specialty.

**DR. MC LAUGHLIN**

DENTIST

Corner College and Yonge Streets

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

**RAND TRUNK RAILWAY**

The Old and Popular Rail Route to

**MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO**

And all Principal Points in

**CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES**

It is positively the only line from Toronto running the  
less, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civilization.

For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information  
apply at the city ticket offices.

J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,

corner King and Yonge streets and 30 York street, Toronto.

Telephone Nos. 434 and 455.

**WINTER TOURS**

Bermuda, Nassau, Florida, Jamaica,

Cuba, California, British Columbia,

Colorado, Texas

A. F. WEBSTER, 58 Yonge St.

GENERAL TICKET AGENT.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

TOURIST ONE WAY  
EXCURSIONS

FOR 1890

TO

**British Columbia**

**Washington Territory**

**Oregon and California**

On FRIDAY

February 14th, 28th  
March 14th, 28th

For berths and all information, apply to any Agent of the  
Company, or write

W. R. CALLAWAY, District Passenger Agent,  
24 York Street, Toronto.

**NEW MUSIC**

All the Go Lancers  
By Chas. Bohner.....\$0  
Kathie (Military) Schottische  
By Chas. Bohner.....\$0  
Sounds of Toronto Waltzes  
By Chas. Bohner.....\$0  
Song—Memory  
By H. Tourje.....\$0  
Largest stock in Canada of  
Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Acc-  
cordions, Concertinas, etc.  
Everything in the Musical line,  
Sheet Music, Music Books. Every-  
thing up to the times and at the  
right prices.

**WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.**  
MUSIC DEALERS  
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

**J. W. CHEESEWORTH**

TAILOR AND DRAPER.

106 King St. West

A Complete Assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods

Suitable for Gentlemen's present wear

N.B.—The public should call and see our Cheviots and  
Scot Tweeds, suitable for Double-breasted Sack Suits.

**HIGH CLASS PORTRAITS**

IN

Oil, Water Color and Crayon

**WEST END ART STUDIO**

375 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

Mrs. A. S. Davie, Miss M. E. Bryson, Artists

Opal and Ivoire Portraits a Specialty

Instructions given in portraits and decorative art on  
china, satin and glass. For specimens, terms, etc., call at  
above address.

**55 CENTS**

The small purchase amounting to \$50.—  
fifty-five cents, for which a numbered re-  
ceipt or check is given, may win the  
prize of the greatest sum, one thousand  
dollars. Americans as well as Cana-  
dians will please note the fact. This said  
watch is the finest in America as a mechani-  
cal work of art. Send for circulars.

**RUSSELL'S**

2 King Street West, Toronto

**JAS. COX & SON**

88 Yonge Street

**PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS**

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

**THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.**

**GRAVEL ROOFING**

For all kinds of Flat Roofs

**ASPHALT PAVING**

For Cellular Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.

Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.

10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

**A SPLENDID CHANCE**

WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

"SATURDAY NIGHT"

AND THE

**WORLD TYPEWRITER**

For \$10, cash with order. The price of the Typewriter  
alone is \$10. See advertisement of this machine in  
another column.

**LOST**

All tenderness and soreness of the feet since we have been  
buying our

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

## Varsity Chat.

Since Premier Mercier has striven to cover himself with a coat of whitewash for recent financial escapades of his, it is to be hoped he will get his little ten thousand dollar scheme through the Quebec House, in order to give us a chance of promptly declining his contemptible hush-money. It is scarcely likely that the distinguished statesman's love for an undenominational university is excessive. I was going to say we feared him even bringing gifts, but although we do not fear him we do not want his gifts. We can worry along all right if he will only pay his own taxes.

Historian Brydone, '90, is busily engaged on the '90 year book, which is to be published shortly after convocation.

The Mathematical and Physical Society has picked up the thread of its weekly meetings. On Tuesday afternoon, in room No. 8, Mr. J. W. Odell read a paper entitled *Summation of Series*. After this paper experiments occupied the attention of the members.

A public debate was held at Wycliffe on Friday evening under the auspices of the Literary Society connected with that institution. The subject discussed was: That for the efficient work of the ministry voluntary celibacy of the clergy is preferable to married life. This question is occupying the attention of the world at present, and especially of the Anglican church. It has been brought into prominence by the well-known utterances of so distinguished a churchman as Archdeacon Farrar. It is said that the Archdeacon has little influence with the upper, the really upper, classes in England, and, if we may trust Matthew Arnold's opinion, no doubt the devil is the oracle for said upper classes. The debaters on Friday were, on the affirmative, Messrs. L. E. Skey, B.A., and J. W. Andrews, and on the negative, Messrs. F. Robertson and F. M. Holmes. Rev. H. G. Baldwin, M.A., kindly discharged the duties of chairman.

We have not yet ceased congratulating ourselves on the great success of the Pavilion concert. The net gain to the society will be over one thousand dollars.

The library grows larger every day. I had the pleasure of looking over a long list of books offered by a friend of the University the other day. No better evidence of a man's sincerity can be found than his willingness to offer the best books in his library as a gift. Good books cost a great deal of money at any time, but they become more valuable with time, and so to offer one's best book-friends, is a sacrifice indeed.

As the time for Literary Society elections draws near it is amusing to observe the sudden and wide-mouthed solicitude displayed for all University things. There flashes forth a brain-born genius for energetic paper-drone and miracle-working; no issue is so dead as to be incapable of resuscitation for campaign purposes. We ought to have a chair in ward politics, since we give evidence of so much native talent in that direction.

An intimation has been received from Mr. L. Embree, M.A., head master of Parkdale Collegiate Institute, that his pupils intend holding a concert in the public hall of the school in order to raise money to assist in the reconstruction of the library. This is a highly commendable undertaking which might well serve as an example to many a similar institution in the province. The glee club will assist at Parkdale.

N.M.

## Night

Now soothsight night-time darkles on the pool,  
The white star sparkles in the peaceful sky,  
The farmer makes a bee line for his couch,  
And hears the feline warble on the fence.

The feline now begarns Nancy Lee,  
The small boy's marbles rest with all his tope,  
While Artemis so quenly lightly doles,  
Above the world serenly in her course.

White moonlit woods are stretching far away,  
A silver etching for the poet's eye  
The gentle night wind rustles in the corn,  
The agile negro hustles for your heen.

The flowers beaming with the pearls of night,  
The farmer's dream of the waving crop,  
While the good pile he'll rake in next fall  
He dreams, his wood-pile softly melts away.

R. K. M. in N. Y. Sun.

## A Prize.

We will give a \$10.00 pair of pants for the best poem of not over six lines upon the subject of *A Tailor's Goose*, replies to be sent on or before Saturday, March 15. The winning poem will be published Saturday, March 22, in this paper. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 89 Yonge street, Toronto.

The Swedish Ladies National Concert Company has actually been engaged for Toronto. They will be at the Pavilion on Friday and Saturday of next week. This is said to be one of the most superb musical organizations that have ever entered the concert-halls in Toronto. It is composed of eight young ladies of Jockey Lind and Christine Nilsson. They were carefully selected by Professor August Edgren, choirmaster of the Royal Opera for the King of Sweden, and without exception they surpass in power, purity and richness of culture any company that has ever come to this continent. Everywhere that they have appeared so far they have evoked the most unbounded enthusiasm. The Swedish girls appear on the stage dressed in the picturesque garb of peasant girls of the different provinces of their own land. No one should miss this rare opportunity. The management in Toronto has set the laudable example of giving every one an opportunity to hear these famous singers, and at the same time making everybody comfortable, by fixing the price of their tickets at a very low figure, and reserving all the seats in the house.

## Indian Fakirs.

George Frederick Parsons, writing in the *New York Ledger*, says: "The writer was dining at a military mess in Fort William, Calcutta, one evening, when, the dessert being on the table, it was announced that a Fakir of some celebrity was on hand, and would like to be permitted to give a performance. He was collecting for some temple, for these Fakirs never accept money for themselves, or any reward that can be considered personal, beyond a simple food. He was introduced, and proved a tall, thin, very dark and rather dirty personage, apparently well on in years. He went through an ordinary performance,

took up his collection, and was about to withdraw, when a somewhat lively dispute arose among some of the officers as to the amount of trickery in his feats. Some insisted that it was all nothing but slight-of-hand. Others were as confident that there was more than legerdemain in it. At last somebody turned to the Fakir and asked him if he was willing to do something out of his regular programme, to convince the skeptical. He bowed, glanced around the mess-room and fixed his eyes upon the wax candles in sconces which were fixed against the wall all around the apartment. Stepping near the door, he extended his hand toward the nearest candle, the flame of which, as his index finger pointed to it, flickered, bent over as by a puff of wind, and went out. The Fakir's finger was then pointed at the next candle, which was extinguished in the same way, and without moving from where he stood, he put out every candle in the sconces, the most distant being full five-and-thirty feet from him. With a similar simple motion he next relighted all the candles, the flame returning to each at its full height, and not increasing by degrees as when one lights a cold candle.

This feat was naturally very effective, and the younger men in the mess (it is always the youngest men who find the least difficulty in explaining strange phenomena) were at first almost reduced to silence. A few moments, however, sufficed to rally their discouraged skepticism, and then a cross fire of suggestions, conjectures, theories and guesses rolled all round the table. Then the candles were all alight. It was easy enough to refuse to believe that they had ever been extinguished. Those who really knew something about the Fakirs for the most part kept silence, probably thinking it useless to waste any energy on a sultry evening in disputing an incredulity which was perverse rather than rational, and consequently the harder to remove. The Fakir himself, however, seemed a little put out at the inconclusive results of his performance, and advancing respectfully to the colonel, who sat at the head of the table, he intimated that he stood prepared to give the sahibs a more convincing proof of his power, but that he would not venture upon it without a preliminary guarantee of immunity. It might, he said, make some of the sahibs angry, but he would engage most solemnly that it would not injure any one a particle. This exordium roused the curiosity of the men, and the Fakir quickly received the assurance that, whatever he did, no harm should befall him. Upon this promise he stepped to the door as though to pass out, stopped suddenly and turned round, and, lifting his hand, said in Hindustani: "No sahib can move until I permit him!"

For course, every one instantly tried to move—and every one failed. There we all sat, not precisely as if glued to our chairs, but rather as if paralyzed from the waist down. The general sensation, as ascertained later by comparing notes, was that of loss of feeling in the legs and feet. It was not the volition that was suspended. We could try to move. We would will to send the message to our legs, but the message somehow would not go. The telegraph line was somehow broken. A more curious feeling it would be impossible to conceive of, and it is very hard to describe it intelligibly, but the central fact is that the Fakir had spoken the truth, and that nobody in the room could stir from his chair, strive he never so fiercely. I suppose it was in order to let our realization of the truth penetrate us thoroughly, that the Fakir kept us in that somewhat awkward and humiliating position nearly ten minutes. To several the time seemed much longer than that, and had the mutiny then occurred, probably the common and first thought would have been, how easily the throats of all the officers of a regiment might be cut, with the help of a performing Fakir.

Much discussion followed the departure of the Fakir, but the gallant officers of the—th were much better fighters than thinkers, and not one of them approached the true explanation of the strange power exerted by the Fakir.

Knew the Sex.

Mrs. Slogan (at an L station)—Don't you ever trust a man as long as you live. They're all骗子, every one of 'em.

Daughter—Why, ma! All?

"Every one, no exception at all. Look at that man near the news stand. The brute!"

"Why, he looks the very picture of gentleness and refinement."

"Oh, yes; but he's standing there gazing at a rat poison poster, all the same. I'll bet his wife has a pet poodle."—N. Y. Weekly.

## The Adjective Habit.

Did anybody ever hear a gushing young lady tell what she thought about anything extraordinary? Well, that's nothing to what they write. We have analysed a short story written by one of them, and find that "splendid" occurs 64 times; "beautiful," 77; "delightful," 61; "nice," 61; "delicious," 205; and "lovely," 63.

## They Had No Angels.

A farmer sent to an orphan asylum for a boy who was smart, active, brave, tractable, prompt, industrious, clean, plious, intelligent, good-looking, reserved and modest. The superintendent wrote back that, unfortunately, they had only human boys in that institution.

## Changeable Weather.

Maine Man (finishing a story)—Yes, sir. I killed that bear with nothin' but this little jackknife. Guess you never had a tussle with a bear, did ye?

New York Liar—Oh, yes. I was out fishing one day on Staten Island, when a big bear made a rush for me and knocked the pole out of my hand, leaving me without even that means of defence. Well, sir, I grabbed that bear, threw him down, and held him there until he froze to death.

Maine Man (gasping)—I might 'a' done that many a time myself, but the weather up our way don't change so quick as it does here.—N. Y. Weekly.

## The Reason Why.

Reporter (to editor)—Why do you pitch into the other paper in the village? They never allude to us.

Editor—That's just it. We must make them. I am bound to have them go for us, and then we shall get some advertising out of it. Business must be boomed.

## The Oshkosh Literary Movement.

I had an article accepted by the editor of the *Gazette* yesterday," said St.

"What was it about?"

"About forty inches round. It was a pump-kin."—N. Y. Sun.

## ART IN DRESS

The secrets of much success in this world are Cash, Confidence, Cheerfulness and Constancy. With all these it is any wonder why we are doing THE Business of the city.

Our spring stock is nearly complete and comprises all the latest novelties of the season.

## TAYLOR &amp; CO.

Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

## EXTRAORDINARY ENGAGEMENT OF THE REIGNING MUSICAL SENSATION

Pavilion, March 14 and 15

MATINEE, SATURDAY MARCH 15

## Swedish Ladies'

## National Concerts

An Octette of Beautiful Girls with Marvelous Voices. Appearing in the Picturesque Costumes of their native provinces and country. Organized and arranged by

PROF. AUGUST EDGREN

Director, Grand Royal Opera for King of Sweden. Special engagement for this tour of the famous Boston Humorist,

MELVIN R. DAY

TICKETS (to all parts of the house) 25 CENTS

All seats reserved. Plan at Nordheimer's.

## JACOBS &amp; SPARROWS OPERA HOUSE

Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

WEEK OF MARCH 10

Joseph Dowling and Sadie Hasson

In Their Two Great Plays

## The Red Spider and Nobody's Claim

Prices—15c., 20c., 30c., 35c. and 50c.

Week March 17—London Specialty Company

## COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS (Canada)

PATRON—HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOV.-GENERAL

Mr. F. H. TORRINGTON, Vice-President,

Mr. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.C.O., Toronto, Montreal.

The Annual Examinations for 1890 for degree in Organist will be held in Toronto during the month of June next.

The examinations will be conducted by the Board of Examiners of the College, presided over by Mr. S. P. Warren of New York. Information concerning curriculum, &c., can be had upon application to the Secy-Treas., Mr. A. S. VOGT, 249 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Persons desirous of examination should give notification to the Secretary before the 1st of May.

## PROF. DAVIS

TEACHER OF DANCING

51 Wilton Av., Toronto

INVENTOR AND INTRODUCER

OF THE "LIE BRONCO,"

"LA ZIEKA," "EUREKA,"

"LA TENNIS DANCE,"

"WALTZ MINUET," &c.

Also composer of PIANO MUSIC

For all his dances.

## WE HAVE GOT THE GRIP

On the Furniture Trade, and

## WE PROPOSE TO KEEP IT

Our specialties in Antique Bedroom Suites at \$14.50 and Silk Brocaine Parlor Suits at \$5.50 are a terror to our competitors.

## R. POTTER &amp; CO.

Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.

Telephone 1384

## No. 1 ROSSIN BLOCK

## GENTLEMEN'S FULL DRESS TOILET

Prince Alberts, Silk Lined Over-coats a Specialty

Ideal in fabrics made from the choicest wools by the best looms in the world and make them in the most

THOROUGHLY ARTISTIC MANNER

at the lowest prices consistent with the highest standard

## Widow Bedott Papers---FREE!

This is the book ever which your grandmothers laughed till they cried, and it is just as funny to-day as it ever was.

Sent with a 10c. Picture Book for 2c. silver, for postage, and this slip.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

SEND TO

## HARRY WEBB'S

FOR ESTIMATES FOR

Dinners

At Homes

Weddings

Banquets

Ball Suppers

Receptions, etc.

EVERY MINUTIAE

66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

## AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Telephone No. 2033

White peeled Willow Baskets, made in strongest and best style of the work, ordinary size, 69c., worth \$1; large, 84c., worth \$1.25, and extra large, 98c., worth \$1.50. Elegant Hampers, 84c., 97c., \$1.14, \$1.44 and an extra large, \$1.69, usually sold for one-half more than our price. Folding work-tables, full and exact yard measure on, \$1.24 and \$1.49, worth \$2 and \$2.50. Chopping Bowls, 8c., 15c. and 35c., as to size. Polished Steel Chopping Knives, 7c.

**E. D. FARRINGER**  
TEACHER OF  
Piano, Violin, Cornet & Oriental Instruments  
will accept engagements as Concert Soloist for Concerts and  
Entertainments. Apply to or address  
58 Homewood Avenue

**M. R. E. W. SCHUCH**  
Chairmaster Chor of the Redeemer, Conductor University  
Glee Club, has resumed instruction in  
Voice Culture and Expression in Singing  
At his residence,  
8 Avenue Street (College Avenue).

**H. M. FIELD**  
FROM LIPPS AND FRANKFORT  
Piano Virtuoso  
165 Gloucester Street & Toronto College of Music  
Will accept engagements for Concerts, and will also  
pupils in Piano Theory and Instrumentation.

**HARMONY BY CORRESPONDENCE**  
To accommodate those living at a distance  
Mr. THOS. SINGLETON, 49 Yonge St., Ont.,  
Will live in Toronto in order to show and receive candidates  
for examinations in Music at Trinity College and the  
Toronto Conservatory of Music. All Mr. Singleton's pupils  
who have taken the Trinity examinations have been suc-  
cessful. Reference—Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac. and  
A.C.O. (E.G.), Toronto.

**M. R. J. W. F. HARRISON**  
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musica  
Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

**Organ, Piano and Harmony**  
94 Gloucester Street

**WALTER DONVILLE**  
Teacher of Violin  
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.

8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

**A. S. VOGT** (LATE OF THE ROYAL  
GERMANY) Organist and Choirmaster, Jarvis St. Baptist  
Church, Toronto, teacher of  
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory  
at the Toronto College of Music  
Residence 349 Jarvis Street

**SIGNOR ED. RUBINI**  
Picoforte, pupil of Mme. and Thalberg, late principal  
professor of singing at the London Academy, London, Eng.,  
is now a resident of Toronto, and gives lessons in singing to  
ladies and gentlemen, amateur and professional students,  
and specially prepares pupils for all branches of the musical  
profession—operatic, concert and oratorios. Vol. a produ-  
ct on one of Signor Rubini's specialties. Terms mod-  
erate. Circulars on application at residence, 155 Wilton  
Avenue, or to Messrs. Nordheimer's or Messrs. Buckling &  
Ross.

**MISS ALICE WALTZ**  
Late Solo Soprano, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and St.  
John's R. C. Church, Philadelphia.

**CONCERT, ORATORIO AND RECITAL**  
Pupils received in Voice Culture.

417 Church Street

**ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC**

150 Carlton St., opp. Horticultural Gardens

Established 1884

Under the direction of  
**CHAS. FARRINGER**  
A German educated in Germany.

Our primary Department is second to none, and is not  
only nominal, but actually, under supervision of the  
Principals.

VOICE CULTURE AND PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION.  
**MISS MARIE C. STRONG**, Primo-  
Contralto, has much pleasure in announcing that  
she is now prepared to give lessons in Voice Culture and  
Pianoforte Playing. Open for engagements at sacred and  
secular concerts. Circulars, terms, etc., at the piano ware-  
rooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, and Suckling & Sons,  
or 30 Bond Street.



**TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC**  
Thorough Instruction in All Branches

F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.  
1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

**CONSERVATORY**  
OF MUSIC

OVER 1,000 PUPILS LAST TWO YEARS.

All branches taught: Instrumental and Vocal  
Music, Oratorio and Church Music, Elocution,  
Language, etc. Scholarships, Grants, Scholarships  
and Diplomas granted. FREE Theory and  
Violin Classes. FREE Concerts, Recitals and Lectures.  
Organ students can practice and have  
lessons in magnificent new instrument, built  
especially for Conservatory. Pupils may enter  
at any time. See our Spring Calendar.  
Address EDWARD FISHER, Music Director,  
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

**BRITISH AMERICAN**  
ARCADE,  
YONGE ST.  
TORONTO.  
Business College  
The oldest  
and most reli-  
able in the  
Dominion.  
All subjects pertin-  
ent to a business  
education taught by  
able and experienced teachers.  
C. O'DEA, Secretary.

**THE ASSOCIATED ARTISTS**  
SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN  
Antique, Life and Painting Classes  
Daily

Applications may be made at the rooms, 3 and 4,  
Yonge Street Arcade.

**LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY**  
Examinations, Oral or Written.  
MRS. MENDON, 326 McCaul Street.

**BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.**  
Gold Medalist Dyers and Cleaners

We make a specialty of the finer grades of work, such as  
Silks, Velvets, plushes, Damask, Ray or Brocatelle Cur-  
tains, Table Covers, etc. Ladies' and Gent's wearing ap-  
parel cleaned by our new chemical process, which prevents  
shrinking.

90 King Street East  
BRANCHES—516 Queen Street West, 258 and 780 Queen  
Street East, 457 Parliament Street, and 532 Yonge Street.

TELEPHONE 1290

Parcels sent for and delivered to all parts of the city.

**L. R. O'BRIEN, R.C.A.**

Studio, 20 College Street

Open to the public on Saturday afternoons from 3 to 5.  
Mr. O'Brien's work this year includes sketches and paintings  
from the south and west coasts of England.

**FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S  
PRESENTS**

Micklethwaite's Fine Crayon Portraits  
Prize Award at Toronto Industrial, 1898

Gallery cor. King and Jarvis Sts., Toronto  
\$20 Crayon and Frame for \$10. Satisfactory likenesses

**J. FRASER BRYCE**  
PHOTOGRAPHER

107 King St. West - TORONTO

**J. W. L. FORSTER** ART  
Portrait a Specialty  
Studio - 81 King Street East

**JOHN P. MILL**

Has a large assortment of  
SWISS AND AMERICAN WATCHES  
From Three Dollars up.

445 Yonge Street, opp. College Ave.

**THE "JEWEL" RESTAURANT**

Jordan Street

This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has  
recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.  
Reading and smoking room.

**HENRY MORAN** Proprietor

**THE LEADER SAMPLE ROOM**

THE CROCHET LINES OF  
WINES, L'QUORS AND CIGARS

First-Class Restaurant in Connection

E. SULLIVAN, Proprietor

**M. McCONNELL** -  
46 and 48 King Street East.

Commander Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family  
trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Most and Chandon  
"White Seal," George Gouriet and other leading brands  
of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always  
in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

**FOR OYSTERS** SERVED IN TRUE  
VIRGINIA STYLE

CALL AT

**JAKE'S VIRGINIA RESTAURANT**

DOORS NEVER CLOSED

Grand Opera House Building. Tel. 2080

**DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS**

We have removed to 509 Yonge Street, to more com-  
modious premises, where we are prepared to fill all orders for  
cleaning carpets without taking them up. We also take  
up and re-lay carpets where it is necessary. Toronto  
Carpet and Plush Ren. Co.

**F. H. SEFTON**  
DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's  
Dry Goods Store

OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

**SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY**

Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections.  
Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to  
modern dentistry practiced.

**CHAS. P. LENNOX**

Yonge Street Arcade Room B

Telephone 1846

**TEETH WITH OR  
WITHOUT A PLATE**

Best teeth on Rubber, g. & co. Vitalized air for painless  
extraction. Telephone 1876

**C. H. RIGGS**, cor. King and Yonge

**C. V. SNELGROVE**

Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto

New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns

a specialty.

Telephone 3681

**DR. MCLAUGHLIN**

DENTIST

Corner College and Yonge Streets

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

**RAND TRUNK RAILWAY**  
The Old and Popular Rail Route to

**MONTRÉAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO**

And all Principal Points in

**JANADA AND THE UNITED STATES**

It is positively the only line from Toronto running the  
long, electric lighted. Speed, safety, comfort.

For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information  
apply at the city ticket offices.

P. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,  
Yonge and Yonge Streets and 20 York Street, Toronto.  
Telephone Nos. 456 and 458.

**WINTER TOURS**

Bermuda, Nassau, Florida, Jamaica,

Cuba, California, British Columbia,

Colorado, Texas

**A. F. WEBSTER**, 58 Yonge St.

GENERAL TICKET AGENT.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

TOURIST ONE WAY

**EXCURSIONS**

FOR 1890

TO

**British Columbia**

**Washington Territory**

**Oregon and California**

On FRIDAY

February 14th 28th

March 14th 28th

For berths and all information, apply to any Agent of the

Company, or write

**W. R. CALLAWAY**, District Passenger Agent,  
24 York Street, Toronto.

**:- NEW MUSIC :-**

**All the Go Lancers**

By Charles Bonney ..... 50

**Kather (Military) Schottische**

By Arthur M. Cohen ..... 35

**Sounds of Toronto Waltzes**

By Chas. B. Bauer ..... 60

**Song—Memory**

By H. Tourje ..... 60

Largest stock in Canada of

Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Acc-

cordions, Concertinas, &c.

Everything in the Musical line,

Sheet Music, Music Books, Everything

up to the times and at the

right prices.

**WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.**

MUSIC DEALERS

158 Yonge Street, Toronto

**J. W. CHEESEWORTH**

TAILOR AND DRAPER

106 King St. West

A Complete Assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods

Suitable for Gentlemen's present wear

N.B.—The public should call and see our Cravats and

Scoot Tweeds, suitable for Double-breasted Sack Suits.

**HIGH CLASS PORTRAITS**

IN

Oils, Water Color and Crayon

**WEST END ART STUDIO**

375 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

**Mrs. A. S. Davies, Miss M. H. Bryson, Artists**

Oil



## SEWING MACHINES

## LADIES:

Do you prefer a Machine with an Oscillating Shuttle?  
Or one with a Vibrating Shuttle?  
Or an Automatic with a Single Thread?  
We make them all.

The Singer Manufacturing Company, New York

## AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

Central Office for Canada:

No. 66 King Street "West," Toronto

## Sufferings of an Aged Farmer.

Perhaps there never was a man who loved money more than did Farmer Grind. He drew a long deep-breath sigh and stood up against a slanting sunbeam which came into the barn through a crack in the big door where he was at work. It was just as well to preserve it, for sights were not as bright and fresh with him as they used to be in days before he had the asthma, so he thought it best to lay it to rest. In fact, Farmer Grind laid everything for ready use that he could.

It was really sad to see the white-haired old man, thin, weak, bent over, old stump of the forest, bowed down with grief, and the pitiful tears came into his eyes and trickled down to the end of his nose, from which he never and anon wiped them with the back of his gnarled and brawny hand.

"You seem under the influence of a heavy sorrow, Brother Grind," remarked the young parson, who had entered unperceived, and seated himself on an upturned horse bucket, while the farmer was stuffing another bunch of straw into the cutter.

The farmer looked up with a weary smile of recognition and replied after he had changed his quid to the other cheek:

"Yes, brother, the hand of misfortune has rested heavily upon me. I try to bear it like a Christian, but it's mighty hard, pa'son, and it goes powerful agin the grain to be resigned."

"I hope so, my afflicted brother, and trust that I may offer the consolation of religion," said the parson sympathetically, "but in what way have you been bereaved? I hope your wife—"

"Oh, Betsy, she's all right," interrupted the farmer.

"And the children—I had not heard that you have lost any of the children?" and the parson grew more animated in his interest.

"Not as I know of," said the farmer, "not a blamed kid; the children are doing well enough."

"Where, then, has the blow fallen, brother? At what sacred place in the family circle has the dread shaft of the Death angel been turned to bring sadness into a once happy home? The wind, I trust, will be tempered to the shorn lamb."

"The family circle is all serene, pa'son, but as for misfortune, I should rather think I've had my share since I saw you. You know that colt—that or'ney plug that utes run in the calf lot that? Well, sir, last spring I—I—"

At this point the old man completely broke down, sobbed audibly and gritted his teeth. "I sold him to Gabe Cummings for \$30 and an old horse bridle."

"Seems to me that was a fair price," said the parson.

"Seemed to me, at the time that it war, but this is a weary world, pa'son, and we never know what trials is in store for us. I know, pa'son, you'll pardon my emotion when I tell you the news that I only heard this morning. What do you think, but that that dod-blamed fool colt, that I sold for \$30 and an old hair bridle, made a mile last Monday in 2.20, and beat Silverton Maid on a \$500 bet, and Gabe Cummings raked in all that wealth. There is not much temperin' of the shorn lamb to the wind in that. I'm the worst shorn lamb you ever see, pa'son, and it seems to me this is a mighty cold day for lambs."—*Texas Siftings.*

## A Dark Horse.

A dilapidated boy on the seat of a creaking cart was undertaking the task of urging a weird and awful horse up Fifth avenue one morning this week, when he was stopped by a policeman, and at once became the centre of a curious crowd.

"Get down off that cart," said the policeman.

"What fur?" asked the boy, permitting the horse to perform its best of coming to a complete standstill.

"Your plug is lame," said the policeman.

"My plug's own, an' he's just after havin' his breakfast," responded the boy.

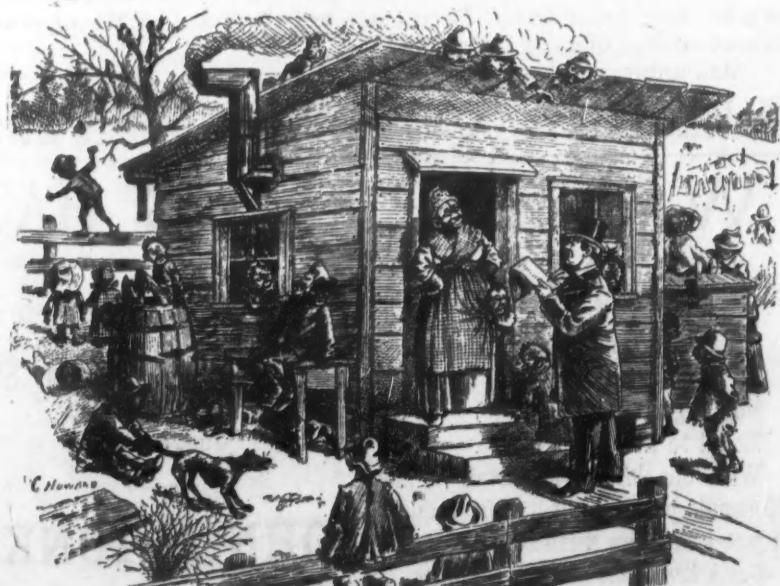
"Yes, on tomato cans," sarcastically exclaimed the policeman. "Get down off your cart."

The boy descended to the pavement.

"Unharness that horse and take him home or I'll make a complaint against you."

The boy went quietly about his work of unharnessing the wretched beast. For a few moments nothing was said. All eyes were fixed on the boy as he untied the ropes that held the angular and dejected animal to the shafts of the wagon. The horse did not evince

## Her Memory Defective.



Census Taker—How long have you been married?  
Colored Matron—I dunno, boss; but I kin tell you in a minute. I'll Jess call up de childrens and count 'em.—*Texas Siftings.*

## = MOURNING GOODS =

## BLACK HENRIETTA CLOTH, BLACK SILKS

## HEM-STITCHED NUN'S VEILING.

In the above goods we have just received a shipment, being the first in the market with the latest novelty.

Hem Stitched Nun's Veilings, 42 in. wide, with 2-inch hem, at 75c, 85c, \$1. The fashionable veil for mourning or light-weight dresses.

Henrietta Cloths in wool and silk warp—Wool warp, 75c, 90c, \$1, best makes. Silk, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, Priestley's.



THE GOLDEN LION

R. WALKER &amp; SONS

33-37 KING ST. EAST

## HEINTZMAN &amp; CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

## PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.



Our written guarantee for five years a company each Pia.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

## DOMINION PIANO

1<sup>ST</sup> IN TONE  
IN TOUCH  
IN SWEETNESS  
IN DURABILITY  
SOLE AGENCY.  
TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC.  
J. S. POWLEY & CO.

68 KING ST. WEST.

MILLICHA dP—At Toronto, on February 22, Mrs. J. FROST—At Kinnon, on February 8, Mrs. R. S. FRO—  
HARPER—At Toronto, on March 2, Mrs. Richard Harper—a daughter.  
CAMPBELL—At Petrolia, on March 1, Mrs. Peter Campbell—a son.  
BURGESS—At Stratford, on February 27, Mrs. H. T. BURGESS—a son.  
DICKSON—At Surrey, England, on February 23, Mr. J. Geale Dickson—a son.  
LONEY—At Toronto, on February 27, Mrs. W. J. LONEY—a daughter.  
MACKENZIE—At Toronto, on February 27, Mrs. George Mackenzie—a daughter.  
SHEPPARD—At 578 Jarvis street, on Monday, March 3, Mrs. Edmund E. Sheppard—a son.  
SHEPPARD—At Penetanguishene, on March 4, Mrs. P. H. Sheppard—a daughter.  
INGLES—At Toronto, on March 4, Mrs. Charles I. Ingles—a daughter.  
WOODD—At Toronto, on March 6, Mrs. W. N. Woodd—a daughter.

## Marriages.

STOREY—HOPKINS—At the Church of the Holy Trinity, on February 1, 1890, by Rev. John Pearson, D.D., C. Foxton, John J. Hopkins, son of the late William Hopkins, both of Toronto.

CLARKE—CUB TR.—At Bowmanville, on February 27, C. Mac Cullum—Cuba Cub.

LEIGHTON—RANKIN—At East Oxford, on February 27, Mrs. F. J. Leighton—John Rankin.

ROPER—NOBLE—At Vancouver, B.C., on February 6, H. Hudson Rooper to A. A. Noble.

WOODSBIDGE—VIRTUE—At Toronto, on March 6, William T. Woodbridge to Besse Adele Virtue.

HOWLAND—GAYLER—At Los Angeles, California, F. T. Howland—John Gayler.

NORWICH—JELLEY—At Mount Forest, on March 2, Joseph Norwich to Marian Jelley.

## Deaths.

SMITH—At Toronto, on March 1, Alice Emily Smith, aged 20 years.

TREBLICK—At Toronto, Fanny Trebllick.

LESLIE—At Toronto, on March 4, Mrs. Alexander Leslie, 75 years.

MCGRATH—At Township of Berte, on February 28, Mrs. Isabella McGrath, aged 75 years.

PALMER—At Toronto, on March 4, John W. Palmer, aged 70 years.

HUTT—At Toronto, on March 2, Henry Hutt, aged 68 years.

PIGGOTT—At Toronto, on March 3, Charles Piggott, aged 65 years.

BRIGHT—At Toronto, on March 3, Mrs. Walter H. Bright, aged 40 years.

SPENCE—At Toronto, on March 1, William Spence, aged 54 years.

GRANT—At Gravenhurst, on March 2, D. G. Grant, aged 54 years.

JARDINE—At Toronto, on March 5, Mrs. Jean McCrae Jardine.

DAY—At Toronto, on March 5, William Day, aged 26 years.

TOWERS—At Silchar, Assam, India, on January 17, Thomas J. Towers, aged 41 years.

STEVEN—At Hamilton, on March 4, Mrs. H. S. Steven, aged 88 years.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST  
Hon. Graduate of Boston '88 and '91.

74 Gerrard Street East

MISS PAYNTER  
Has just received  
A Full Assortment  
of  
SPRING  
MILLINERY  
No. 3 Rossin Bock  
King Street West  
TORONTO

SMITH &amp; SHARPE

DEALERS IN

Photographers' Materials

AND

Amateur Equipments, Etchings and  
Engravings

FRAMES MADE TO ORDER

159 Bay Street

MEDICAL BUILDING - TORONTO



EAST WING NOW OPEN

Special terms to permanent boarders. Superb rooms  
single and en suite. INSPECTION SOLICITED.

ARLINGTON HOTEL

Cor. King and John Streets, Toronto